The Beaver

SUMMER 1962

When the Albany River Indians were starving and unable to hunt, the Company gave the order for 5,000 lodge poles. Then, not knowing how else to turn them to account, commissioned the Indians to work them into a picket garden-fence. At all times the native found a father in the Company, and it was the worst thing that ever happened the region when the irresponsible free-traders with their demoralizing methods were allowed to enter and traffic where or how they pleased.

from THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES *by Ernest Thompson Seton*

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670

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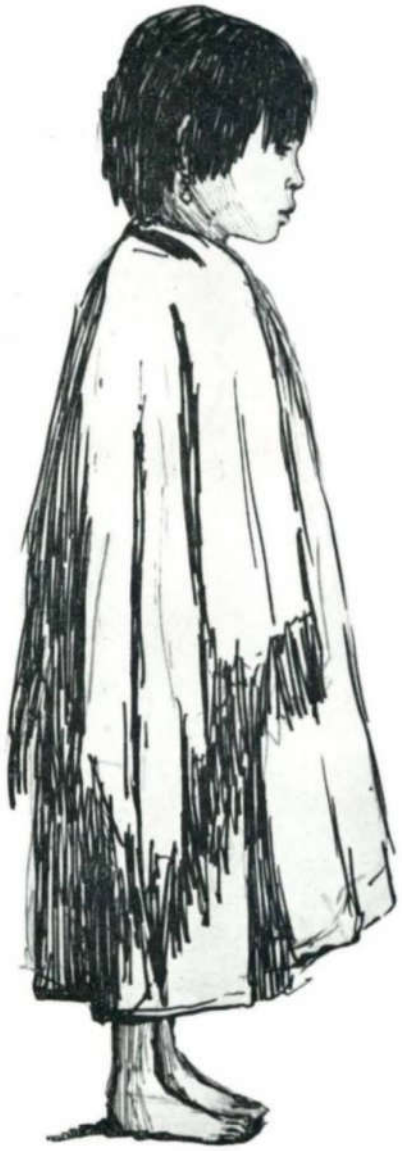

Indian girl, Ucluelet 1898, by Emily Carr

CONTENTS

COVER
Twisted trees and high-tossed driftwood. Oil on paper, c. 1934, by Emily Carr

UNSETTLED SETTLEMENT 4
Mary Whiteley

TREATY TIME AT LAC SEUL 10
Norman Riddiough

GRADED LOW: A WORMY PARCEL 14
A. Copland

THE CHANGING ESKIMO 19
Toshio Yatsushiro

EMILY CARR AND NEWCOMBE COLLECTION 27
Flora Hamilton Burns

THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN ROWAND 36
H. E. Rawlinson

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CAPTAIN JAMES 38
Richard A. Belford

THE BEARS THAT KILLED THE BUFFALO 42
John Patrick Gillese

TRAINING ESKIMO MECHANICS 50
J. A. McPhee

BEAVER FEVER 52
R. Burns

NORTHERN BOOKS 55

Emily Carr pictures reproduced in this issue by courtesy of the B.C. Archives

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The hay meadow at the head of the lagoon where N. P. Jensen established the Danish settlement *B.C. Archives*

Unsettled Settlement

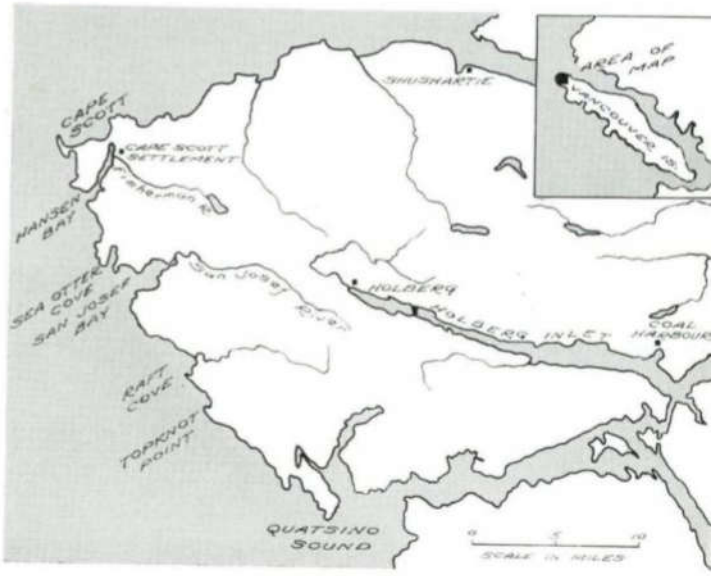
By MARY WHITELEY

HENRY Ohlsen's story is at once tragic and comical, the story of an individualist who refused to lie down and die when given his death sentence, refused to be beaten when everyone around him gave up, built his own coffin and stored it in the attic of his home for twenty years before it was brought down to carry him to his grave. At the age of 36, this Scandinavian farmer was told he had six months to live, provided he chose the driest spot in North America. Perversely, Ohlsen chose the wettest spot, packed up, and moved to the mouth of the San Josef River near the northwest tip of Vancouver Island.

That was in 1904; when he was buried in 1944, with the Danish flag wrapped around his home-made coffin, he was the last of the "San Joe" coastal settlers; the others had gone to seek an easier living years since.

Ohlsen was not the first; when he moved in, a Danish settlement of eight years' standing was established at Cape Scott, a few miles north and west.

On the map, Cape Scott reaches out like a hand from the west coast of Vancouver Island, pointing the way to the storm-lashed Scott Islands. A short distance behind its beaches the tip of a long lagoon reaches in from the Pacific, and the natural hay meadow at its head caught the eye of a Danish fisherman, N. P. Jensen. He determined to settle on those tidal flats if he could find others to come with him. He could; and soon a series of letters



Miss Whiteley taught in the school at the Holberg RCAF base

Homes of the Danish settlers at Fisherman's River on the inlet known as Hansen's Lagoon *B.C. Archives*

was exchanged with the Honourable James Baker, Minister of Immigration, about the proposed "Cape Scott Settlement." The settlers wanted a road, linking the various parts of the settlement; a dike, to protect the lagoon's hay meadow from storm tides, and schools. They promised in return to develop the resources of the country, especially farming and fishing.

Another Dane, Rasmus Hansen, led the settlers to their new home. Fisherman's Bay, near the headwaters of the lagoon, seemed the best location; the lagoon became "Hansen's Lagoon" and still bears his name on the government maps. The settlers soon discovered a major difficulty; Fisherman's Bay did not afford a safe anchorage for supply steamers that were forced to plough through the stormiest stretch of water on the whole West Coast to reach the settlement. The Danes had to brave the same seas if they wanted to fish. The nearest anchorage was thirty miles away at Shushartie, around the northern tip of the Island. A small settlement had existed there since 1893, but between Hansen's Lagoon and this desirable harbour lay thirty miles of jungle, a gloomy, fog-shrouded rain-forest of wet logs, tough salal, and moss-festooned trees rising from a centuries-old carpet of tangled vegetation.

A letter from Ernest A. Cleveland, surveyor, to the Surveyor-General in Victoria, Mr Tom Kains, in July 1897, suggests that a trail from Fisherman's Bay to Shushartie would be of great assistance to the settlers, and could be followed by a road later on. No trail or road appeared, however, except the trail clawed out of the bush by the settlers themselves. Horses were useless for transportation. Only a man could scramble up the ten-foot sides of a windbreak too big to be moved, or balance on a log across a fast-moving stream.

The Danes expected the halibut fishing to help them maintain an existence, but they soon found their small, hand-built boats no match for the angry seas of the "outside." Trapping brought in both food and furs for a time, as deer, raccoon, muskrat, mink, and wild fowl abounded in the Lagoon lands. So did cougar. The big cats helped in the gradual elimination of game. They were easy to please; tame animals such as pigs, calves, even dogs and cats suited them just as well when the game was scarce.

In spite of the cougars and the isolation, the impossibility of reaching a market with their fish and farm produce, the settlers continued to trickle in; Petersons, Jensens, Thomsens, Nelsons, Buols, Rasmussens, Fredericksens—sturdy, courageous Danes who settled around Cape Scott, south along the San Josef, at Sea Otter Cove, north at Shushartie, and east at Holberg, which was then known only because it had a sheltered anchorage.

When the people numbered 90, they imported a schoolmaster, Karl Brink Christiansen. There were just under the number of children required for a government grant, so Christiansen, evidently a man of action with the welfare of the community at heart, adopted three young boys—and school was "in."

The slow years marched by; about 1900 a year's labour produced a dike, which was washed away by storm tides the very night the community celebrated its completion; three years later it was rebuilt, this time to remain. In 1906 the settlers built a community hall, where they could meet, party, dance and forget their isolation.

Some of the settlers who attended a fair held in 1915 in the Cape Scott school-house *B.C. Archives*

About this time, the optimism and faith that had buoyed up the settlement began to wear thin. Years of packing supplies along the rugged trails, a dozen winters with only screaming gales and pounding surf for company, mail order catalogues the only shopping centres, and prayer the only refuge if someone became ill, or were hurt—all these gradually sapped the spirit of the people. Fishing, because of the rough seas, never became very important as a means of livelihood, although a few still made the annual trip to the fishing grounds at Rivers Inlet northwards on the mainland. They farmed; but what use to raise quantities of the mammoth vegetables possible in the fertile soil, if no market were available?

Finally, when even the most optimistic had to admit there would be no road, the Danes decided on a mass exodus. Holberg, down on the inlet, looked promising, and to Holberg many of them went, abandoning their homes and their fields to the wilderness.

Their new home proved disappointing. The long mud flats at the head of the inlet needed a dock at least a quarter of a mile long. This was later built by the government, and a good road pushed from Holberg to a place named Ronning, five or six miles from San Josef Bay. A few good bridges were built—with no road to connect them—and the disgusted settlers still remaining at Cape Scott either stayed at home or walked where they wanted to go. Tales are told of the four shy young Fredericksen girls, who hiked through the hostile woods some eighteen miles to a dance, danced all night, stayed till daybreak in the nearby home of a kindly Norwegian, and hiked back home again the same day.

Between 1909 and 1912 a second wave of homesteaders flowed into the Cape Scott area. This influx followed the completion of surveys of most of the district. From all accounts, the government encouraged settlement, although pleas for a road from the established Danish settlers were ignored.

Many of the four to five hundred newcomers were Europeans, speaking many different tongues and steeped in diverse cultures. One such family, the Hechts from Germany, settled at Topknot Point, some miles down the coast from the Lagoon. Nearby Raft Cove is still Willy Hecht's trapline area. Willy remembers the first year vividly, though he was only a child. There was very little food and the children ate mussels as a staple. Willy laughs about it now and says, "Yes, we picked 'em off the rocks like candy." His parents left in 1918, but Willy returned in 1926. A government telephone and telegraph line had been installed about 1910, connecting Holberg with Cape Scott and Shushartie, and shortly after his return, Willy took over the maintenance of the Holberg-Cape Scott portion.

He is one of the few who have stuck it out and succeeded in squeezing a living from the land—logging, fishing, trapping. As late as the spring of 1961, he was believed lost, but turned up scoffing at the concern for him. He had been trapping at Raft Cove as usual, but had forgotten to notify his sister at Coal Harbour that he would be away for two or three weeks.

The new settlers spread up the valley of the San Josef, into Holberg, and into the Cape Scott district. Hopes for a road sustained the new people in their struggles with the difficult terrain. But then came the War.

All hope of a road had to be abandoned, and the men went to the Front, some of them glad to leave the inhospitable wilderness with its eternal packboards, and cougars, and underbrush. Most of them did not bother to return. Old Mrs Reitan, who lived in the area in 1912, tells of the experiences of the women left alone in those years. One of them, living in a little shack on a particularly low and swampy section, tied a note to her dog's collar and sent him for help when she found herself cut off by the rapidly rising river. The men received her message, and when they hurried to the clearing, they found the lady perched on the kitchen table with the river swirling about her.

On a morning when Mrs Reitan's husband went to Holberg for supplies, she stoked up the fire for her

weekly bread baking. A suspicious crackling warned her of a fire in the chimney, and after vain attempts to put it out, she caught up the year-old baby and rushed out to get help. Help lay across the river over a single log, but Mrs Reitan sped across, got help, and though the house burnt to the ground, the bread was saved, to make a tasty meal for the Reitans and their neighbour later that evening.

She tells of following her husband through the bush when the child, then about three, was strapped to his back in a sort of chair arrangement. The little girl, watching her mother coming along behind, burst into laughter at the hops from log to log, skips over branches, and teeterings along skimpy log bridges.

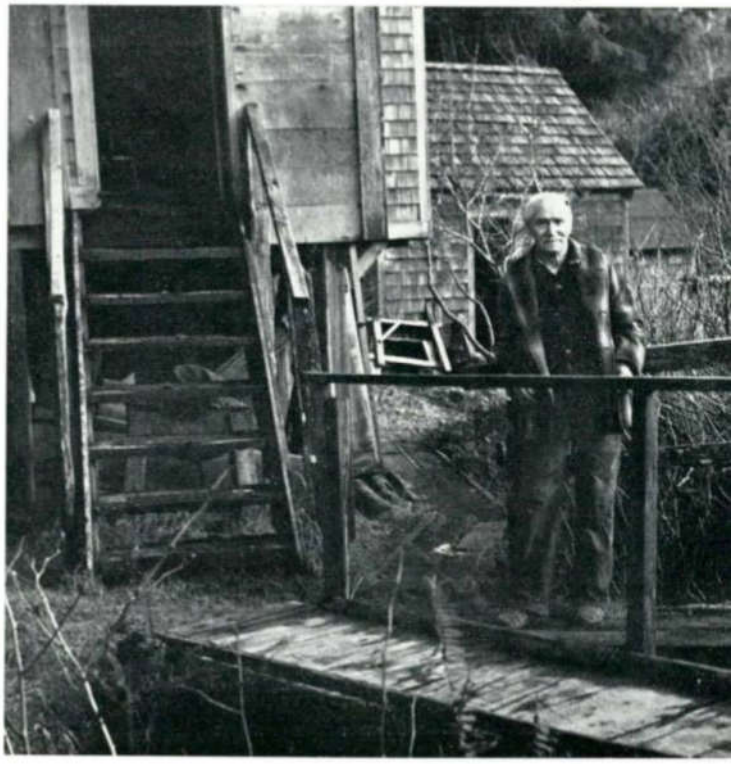
"Oh look, Daddy!" she cried, "Mummy's dancing!" The Reitans left when Mr Reitan succeeded in locating work further south on the mainland.

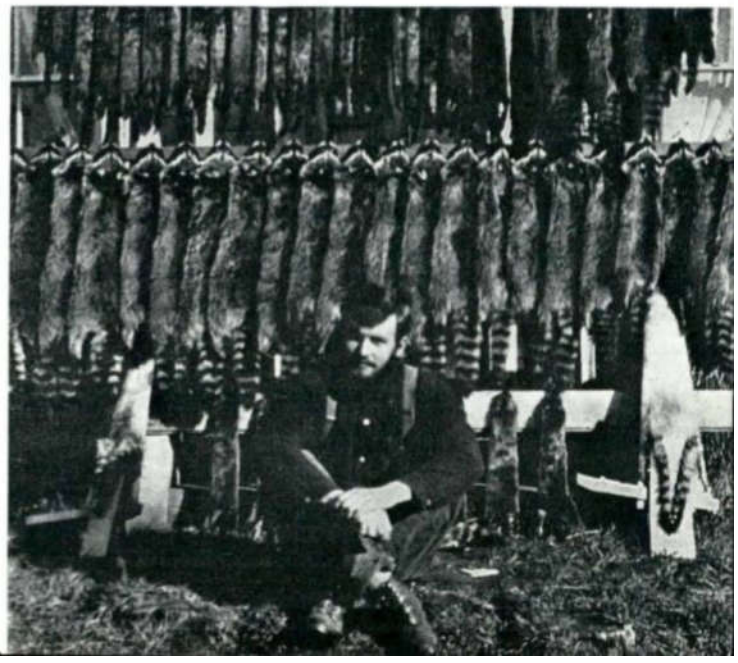
By 1927 the population had shrunk almost to its 1897 level, and so few people remained that a newcomer was a real news item. Such a one was Mr Lincoln, who because he came from the States and bore such an illustrious name, was promptly dubbed "The President." In 1930 he settled midway between Raft Cove and Ronning, and is now, as then, a familiar figure along the trail, bent under the eternal packboard. Lincoln shared the telephone line maintenance with Willy Hecht, his portion being the Cape Scott-Shushartie stretch. The round trip took about twenty days, with overnight stops in shacks along the way. For the long struggle to keep the line free from snags and fallen branches in all kinds of weather, he received $69 a month. His neighbours still speak wonderingly of his apparent imperviousness to weather. "He doesn't even know it when he's soaking wet!" they exclaim.

Year by year, the settlers drifted away. Some died in the inhospitable land they had tried to civilize. Some were killed, like the two Fredericksen boys who were lost at sea while on a trip to the Scott Islands, and Roy Yeo, drowned at Rivers Inlet. Henry Ohlsen's mother died, and the stubborn Henry buried her on his own property, though the community cemetery was very near. None came to replace those who went. Only the empty cabins marked the homes that once had been, and soon the Ohlsen store at San Josef Bay closed too, its owner in his home-made coffin beside his mother. The Fredericksens, last of the Danes, were forced to leave when the Royal Canadian Air Force established a camp at Cape Scott in the early years of World War II.

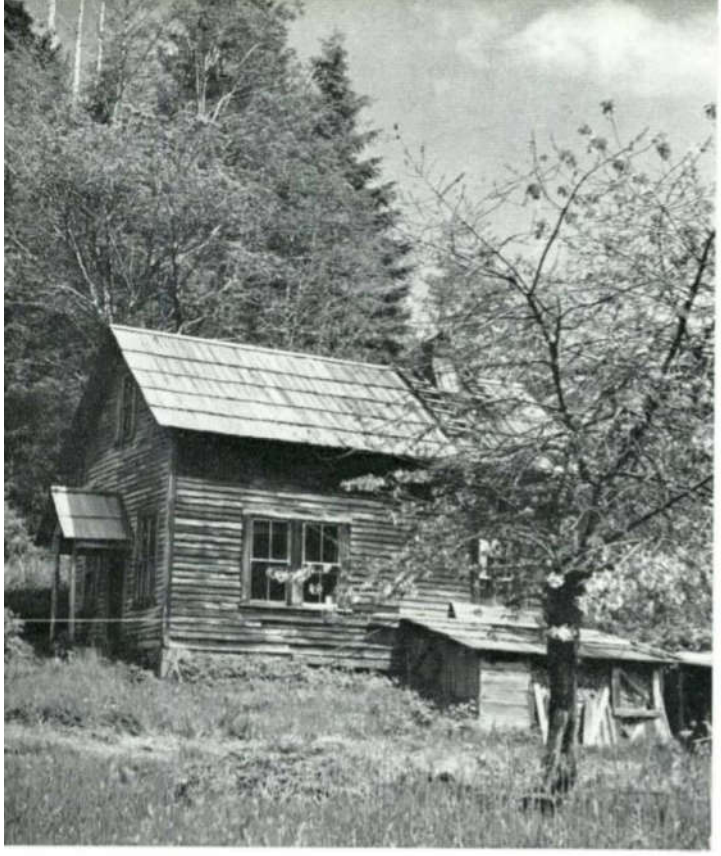
The War ended, and the Cape Scott station was abandoned. A hospital remained in the midst of the forest, but somehow word of the lovely modern fixtures it contained leaked out. Local people say there are bits of plumbing cached here and there throughout the bush in the Cape Scott area; gleaming sinks hidden behind stumps, toilets and bathtubs in woodland thickets awaiting transport presumably to some distant market. A caterpillar tractor overturned on the beach, was swamped by the tide, and half buried in sand. The Air Force left it behind, and two enterprising gentlemen discovered it. Somehow they dug it out and dragged it away. Realizing

Sam Jensen, one of the pioneer Norwegians, still lives in Holberg *M. Whiteley*





Willy Hecht with catch of raccoon, mink, and otter *Courtesy W. Hecht*



Jim Cordy's house in the San Josef valley
M. Whiteley

its value one of the pair, uncertain how far he could trust his partner, thoughtfully removed a vital section of the engine. The other man, moved by the same impulse, also took out some little part without which the "cat" could not operate. Along came a third man, spied the machine, and forthwith presented himself at the proper government office to buy the "cat." He received a quotation, paid the price, and departed. The first two immediately disputed ownership, the case went to Court, and the irritated judge, so the story goes, threw the whole thing out because the last man told so many tall stories in presenting his claim.

A rather peculiar third attempt at colonization began shortly after the War. The same man who bought the tractor started a development company which was to build a breakwater. He interested several Air Force veterans in the venture by telling them the government had promised to assist in the building of it. Eventually twelve families landed at Shushartie, accompanied by loads of baggage and crates, for they had been told a generator would soon be installed to run washing machines and the like. But only the empty Air Force barracks awaited the party at Cape Scott, and they soon discovered that there never had been any intention expressed by the government to build a breakwater. Many of them lost considerable sums—and soon the Cape Scott acres were once more empty.

Meanwhile a small-scale logging operation, started on Holberg Inlet in 1938, expanded into a floating camp by 1943. All bunkhouses, mess shacks, and homes were at first built on floats, and the settlement became the "largest floating logging camp" in the world. It gradually moved on to the land at the head of the inlet, and under the control of Alaska Pine and Cellulose Company, spread logging roads round the sides of the inlet and several miles back into the hills. About 1958 or '59 control of the camp passed into the hands of Rayonier Canada Limited, and by 1960 some thirty families occupied a permanent site on the inlet, with 150 bunkhouse men carrying on an extensive logging operation.

A few years after the War the Air Force again surveyed the land round the Cape with a view to establishing a different sort of camp. In 1949 the mysterious towers of a radar site were erected on Mount Brandes, from whose top, in clear weather, the Cape Scott-San Josef area is clearly visible. A few miles from the radar site, connected

Bear cub and child, near Holberg, are curious and unafraid

to the logging camp by six miles of winding road, the RCAF built their domestic camp, whose swimming pool, recreation hall, modern school and apartments seem completely alien to the silent, tangled bush surrounding them, and whose transient people make little difference to the character of the country or the life of its inhabitants.

These newcomers sometimes hear of the few old-timers who arrived in the valley in the early years of the century, and managed to stay. One of these is Bernt Ronning,

The beach at San Josef Bay
Cpl Arnold

who in 1903 settled on a lush section of alluvial land midway between Holberg and San Josef Bay.

Neighbours were not too plentiful, and Mr Ronning, to fill up the hours, began to grow exotic shrubs and trees. Soon his hobby became all-engrossing; he developed a correspondence with horticulturists all over the world, and now, in the midst of the evergreen wilderness, he has a garden spot glowing with vivid bloom. Magnolia, tulip trees, rhododendrons, white and yellow broom, poppies, roses and lily-of-the-valley grow in among cedars of Lebanon, Norway pine, English white oak, Chinese bamboo, German linden, Japanese dogwood, and male and female "monkey puzzle" (Chile pine) trees. These trees were all started from seed, and now provide the seeds for other gardens all over the world. The nearby Air Base men know Mr Ronning well, for he always has a cup of tea ready for the weary hiker, and the offer of overnight shelter if a long trip is planned. The Base keeps in touch by telephone, for this kindly Norwegian has grown old in the valley, and his neighbours like to know he can reach help if he needs it.

Another Norwegian, Sam Jensen, arrived in Holberg in 1909 and lived for a while on a float-house; he remembers the time when there were only three houses in two miles. Since 1936 he has borne three deep scars on his left arm, inflicted by a cougar which attacked him as he worked in a poplar thicket. The animal's flying charge knocked his axe out of his hand, but somehow, even though he lay flat on his back with the cougar holding him down by its grip on his arm, he managed to reach his axe and hit the big cat a glancing blow that frightened it off. Streaming blood, Mr Jensen struggled back to the Inlet, where friends took him to the doctor at Port Alice.

The Fields, who now work at the Air Base, had their experiences with cougars too. They lived for a time at Shushartie, and then for five years they occupied Mr Lincoln's half-way house in from Raft Cove. There, one day Mr Field shot a cougar right beside the house. He thought he had missed, for it disappeared into the bush. Their boy tracked it down where it lay behind a log, and the fearless—or foolish—boy grabbed it by the tail and pulled. Fortunately it was dead, and Mrs Field, curious why it had ventured so close to the house, performed an amateur autopsy and found there was not a particle of food in its stomach, nor any teeth in its head. Oldtimers all tell the same story, that a cougar will not attack a man unless too old and slow to catch its natural prey.

This is small comfort to a man like Alfred Lovik, who fended off an attacking cougar with his bicycle for two miles on the way to Holberg. Jim Cordy lived on the main road at that time, and when Lovik burst in, sweat-streaked and agitated, he took his gun and tracked the beast down. To his amazement it walked right up to him until it almost touched the muzzle of the gun. Cordy could not miss; he broke its jaw with his first shot, and watched it slump to the ground at his feet. Then suddenly, from its prone position it leapt straight up into the air, fell, and clawing the ground, scrambled away and into the screening bush by the road. He followed, and eventually killed it as it lay under the exposed roots of a tree. As a result of his harrowing experience, Lovik left the district, for he felt he could no longer cope with wilderness living. Jim Cordy is still in the valley, though he goes "out" most winters. He says he cannot be considered a pioneer. He is just a visitor, since he has only been in the valley twenty-five years.

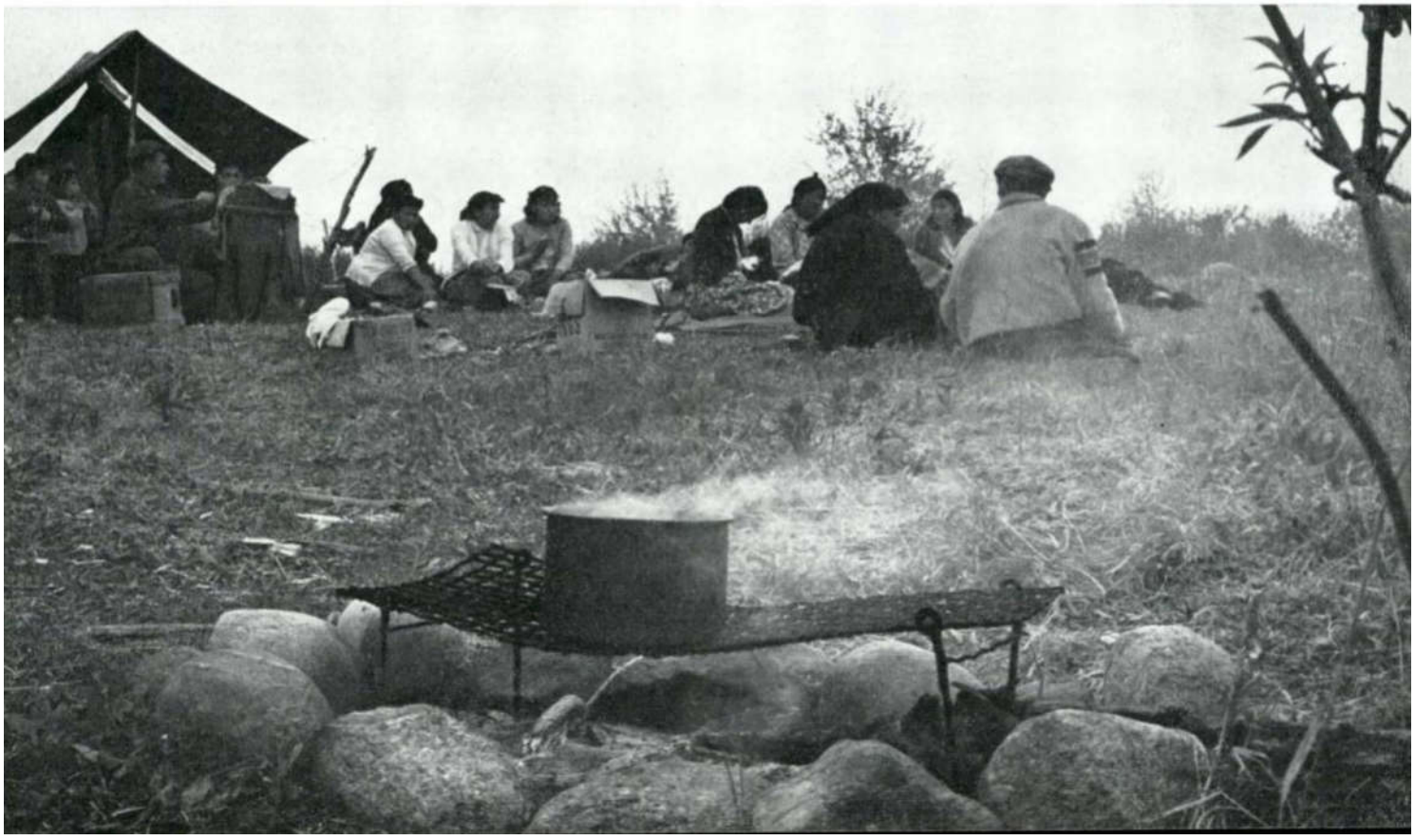
The cougars are still there. Several years after the establishment of the RCAF Radar Base at Holberg, every dog and cat on the domestic site disappeared, snatched away in the nights by the marauding cats. Eventually a government cougar hunter was called in to dispose of them.

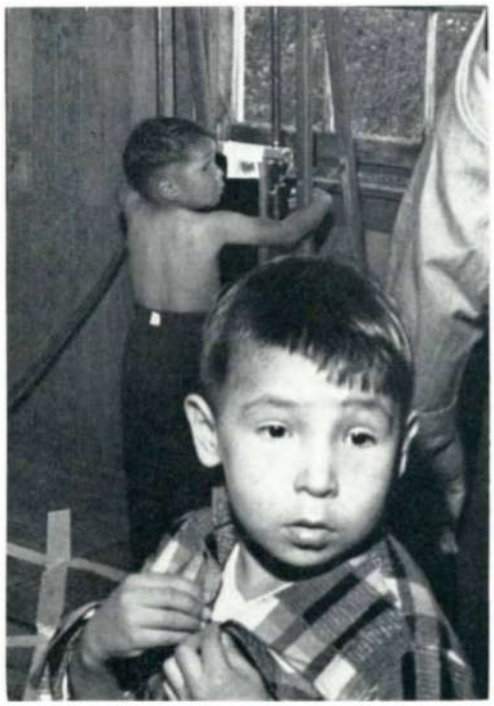
Last summer, thoughts turned again to "the road." Officials of the Air Force and of the company lumbering at Holberg decided to begin it, as a voluntary effort, so that their people would have a chance to spend weekends on the magnificent beaches of San Josef Bay. By the end of June the road had reached Swan Lake, three miles from Holberg. Mr Ronning, far beyond the part of the trail that even a jeep can travel, only smiles when the road is mentioned. He has waited over fifty years for it, and he is not going to get excited about it now.

Perhaps it will eventually reach Cape Scott. There have been rumours of summer resorts there; rumours of mining companies; but so far there is not even a rumour of an official road and, without it, "finish" cannot be written to the Cape Scott story. ◆

TREATY TIME

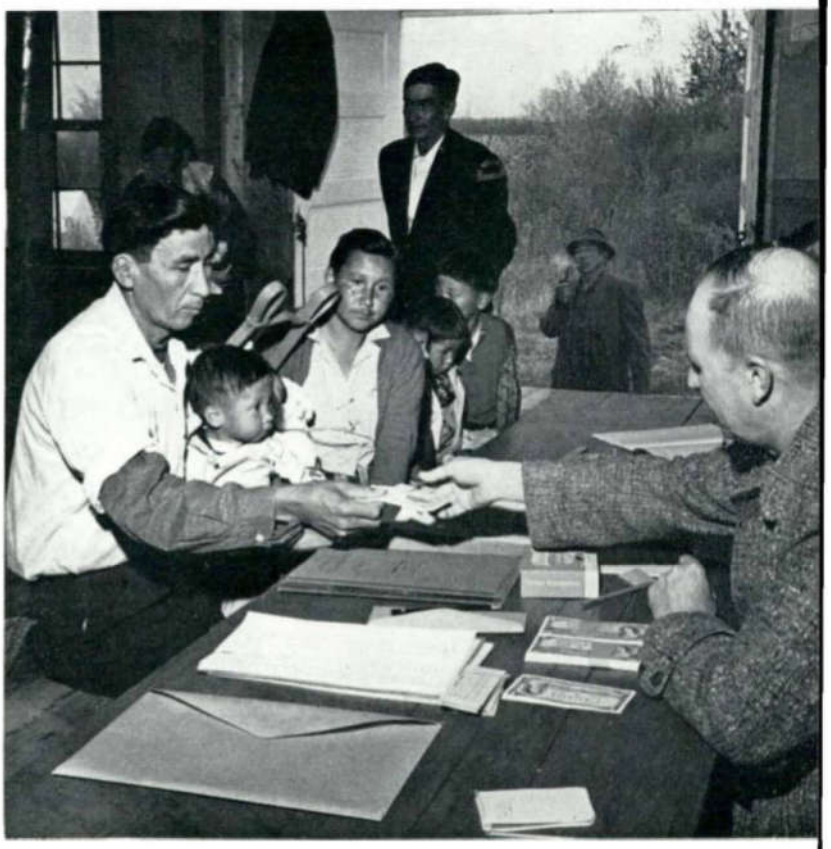
Picture story by
Norman Riddiough

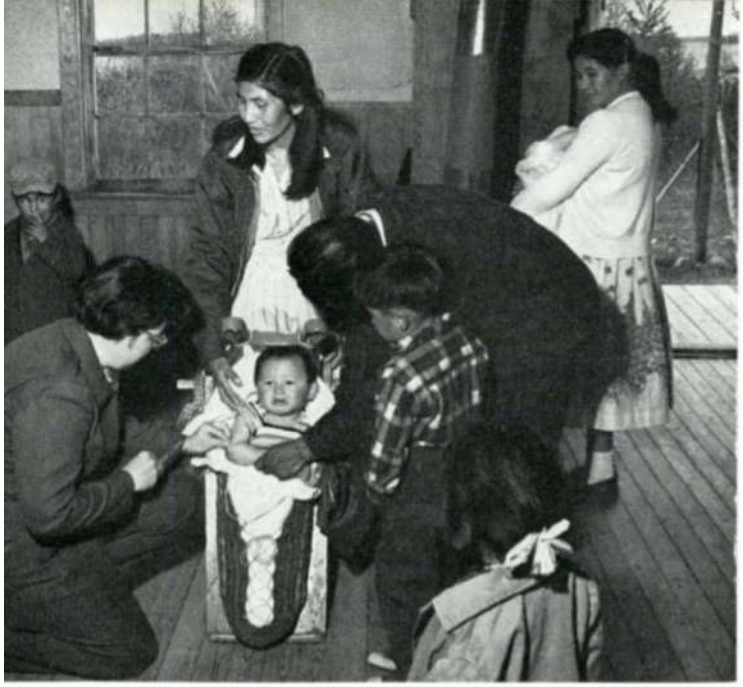


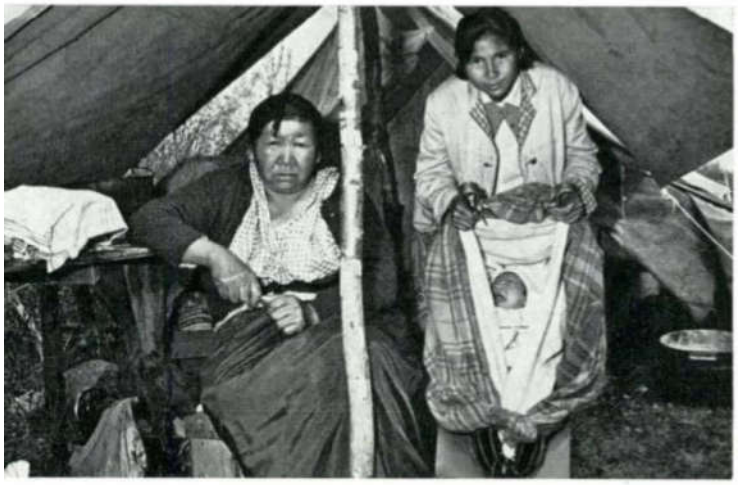


Members of the Lac Seul Band arrive for payment of their annual treaty money, for them a custom now 88 years old. This band of 900 Saulteaux Indians lives 25 minutes flying time north of Sioux Lookout, Ontario, and is one of a number of isolated bands in Canada. Their winter houses and summer tents lie scattered around Lac Seul and to visit their white-painted frame council house, where they set up camp, nearly all must travel by outboard or canoe. The band had signed Treaty Three with the white man on 9 June 1874. In return for giving up their right to roam and hunt and fish over a limitless expanse of northern Ontario, they were given exclusive rights to a reserve of 66,000 acres, free schooling, money for fish nets, and an annual payment of $5 a year each. The chief was to get $25 and councillors $15 each plus a new suit every third year. Half the Indians in Canada are under this kind of treaty, made in the last century as the white man pushed westwards. The British custom was to recognize Indian ownership of the land and to extinguish this right by formal treaty. Western and northern Indians consider their treaties of the greatest importance.
For a young couple with four children treaty time means an additional $30, handed over by the Indian Agency clerk in crisp new bills. To a man who has no regular weekly wage, but must depend on seasonal employment like trapping, fishing, and pulp-cutting, it will help to buy food and clothes for his family.

Treaty is a formal and solemn time though much of the old ceremonial is disappearing. Officials sit on one side of a table, red-coated constable representing authority, Indians on the other, as each family in turn is checked on the rolls.





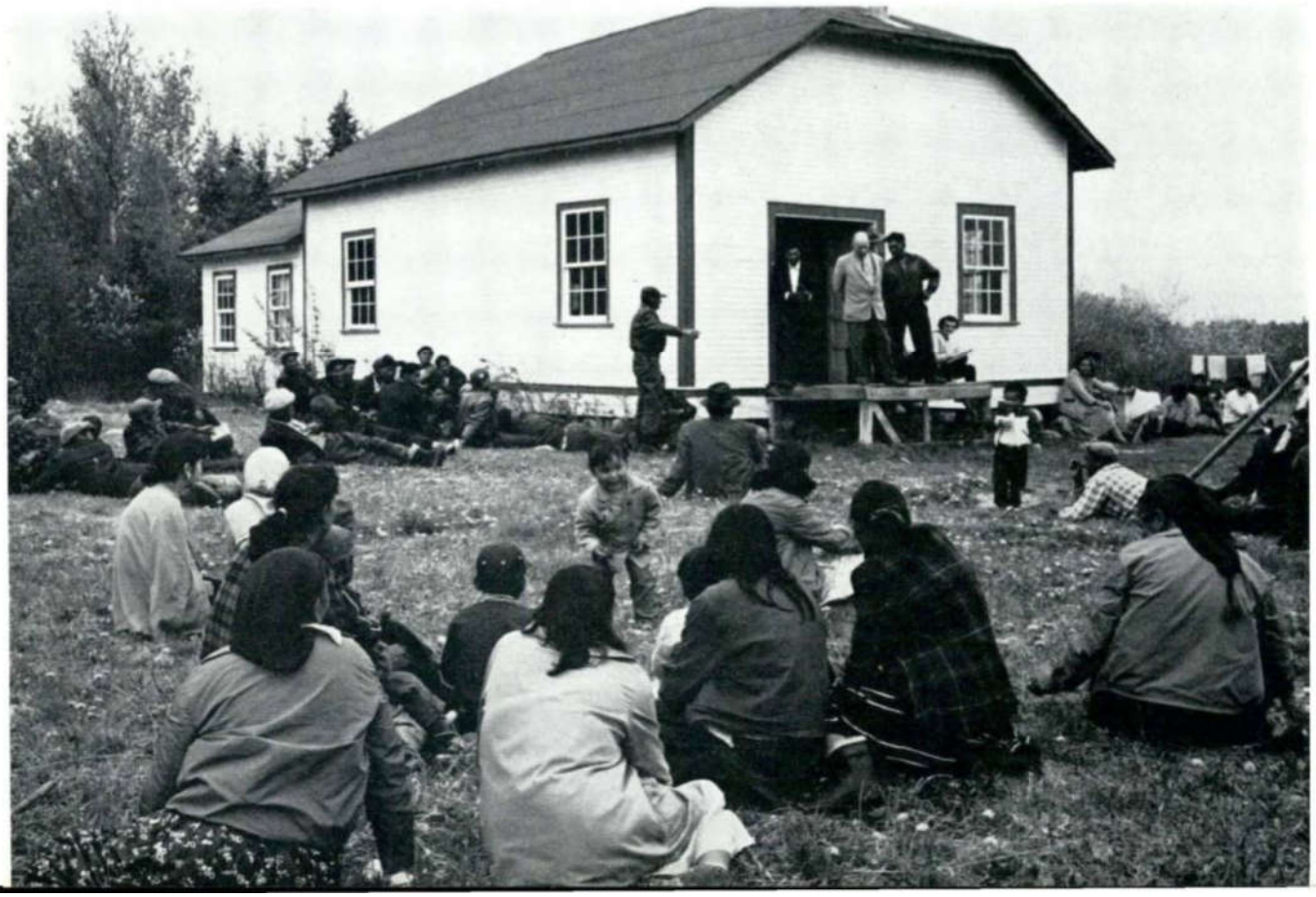


On every treaty party there are X-ray technicians and nurses. Advantage is taken of the gathering of scattered and often nomadic families to survey them for tuberculosis. Through these annual surveys and sanatorium treatment, tuberculosis has dropped from first to eighth place as a cause of Indian deaths. The plates are developed at the Sioux Lookout Indian Hospital and if positive a plane is sent to bring back the patient. In overcrowded winter cabins the disease can spread swiftly if not checked resolutely and Indians who are loathe to leave their families can be compelled to do so. Besides X-rays, polio shots are given and children—including the baby in traditional tikanagan—receive injections against smallpox, diphtheria, tetanus, and whooping cough. Although some treaties specified that free medicine chests were to be provided for Indian bands, there was no definite commitment to provide free health services. Nevertheless the federal government, with its vast network of Indian Health Services, has in fact taken over the health care of Indians and Eskimos.

A representative of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests also takes advantage of treaty time. He checks traplines with Lac Seul trappers. They give him the count of fur-bearing animals during the previous winter, tell him how many moose, caribou, bear or wolves they had seen and how many banded ducks and geese they had shot. Questioning is slow but methodical, for here the men could understand this part of treaty—the way of the woods.

After the formal business of paying treaty and taking X-rays, there is usually one further item of business. This is the time for nominations for band council. In former years the Lac Seul band, like many in Canada, elected its council by tribal custom. The men would nominate the persons they wanted on their council. These people would then stand against the wall of the hall and the Indians would line up behind the candidate of their choice. But the white man's way is coming to Lac Seul. Last year, for the first time, a formal nomination meeting was held.

On the steps of the council house the superintendent of the Sioux Lookout Agency conducts the nomination meeting. Although he can speak some Ojibwa, he prefers to let interpreter Joe Wesley, a member of the Lac Seul band, explain the new method of selecting a council. Joe has difficulty translating words like "nomination", "ballot", and "election." Ballots were printed and an election by secret ballot was held one month after the nomination meeting. More and more bands are swinging over to this method of selecting their councils.◆



GRADED LOW

"a particularly wormy parcel"

BY A. COPLAND

THERE was once a time when the arctic post-manager had an interesting though sequestered existence. Trading some thirty years ago was really a system of simple barter, with some elementary book-keeping to be done and a few other records to be kept. Fur buying did not require any special knowledge or skills since most of the white fox pelts, which were the staple and almost exclusive commodity for exchange, were bought in a frozen condition.

The manager's main task was to make certain that the Eskimos, for whose material welfare the company held him responsible, should diligently and profitably live and work within the natural economy of their environment.

The grading of fur shipments was done in a very different world by an expert staff in the London warehouse. An information copy of the grading sheet would only be furnished to the arctic post-manager if there was a serious discrepancy in the number of pelts shipped, or if a pertinent remark was made on a shipment which might help to improve the quality of future returns.

The company fur-graders could describe in concise technical terms the condition of any shipment that came under their searching scrutiny. So when a shipment that had all the signs of gross neglect, or carelessness in handling, reached the grading tables from my post, it was promptly described as a particularly wormy parcel.

Twice during my service with the Hudson's Bay Company I had been privileged to visit the London establishment. The old Lime Street location was just as I had imagined it to be, somewhat dingy and bounded by narrow streets, filled with the clatter and clutter of traffic.

On the receiving floor large wicker baskets were being shoved around by men wearing burlap aprons. I was shown grading areas, offices and a panelled Board Room. In that room there followed a hearty interview with the Governor and members of the Board, who leaned back

The whale boat we mounted on a sled *Nichols*

Mr Copland, who joined the H B C in 1923 as an apprentice at Chesterfield Inlet, spent many years at arctic posts. He later served at northern bases with the R C A F and was awarded the M B E for his arctic work.

When the "Madeline's" engine failed, sail saved the day

in their chairs to better view the nervous fur trade apprentices paraded for their approval.

When next I visited the warehouse the fine building was in a new location and there had been big changes. Everyone who worked with furs wore a white coat. They looked as hygienic as hospital interns. Better techniques had been adopted. There was a new understanding of light and they seemed to trust only that from a clear northern sky. The walls were done in blue brick, nothing was spared to maintain the highest standards. As visitors we were impressed with what we had seen on this educational tour.

Defects had been pointed out to us and the adverse effect which they had on grading was explained. We knew what caused the defects, some of which could not be avoided. What to them was *a rubbed shoulder* indicated to us fleas on a fox who tried to get rid of them by scratching. A flat even fur with a black vellum would be graded *unprime*. To us it was a burrow fox that had spent part of the winter in comfortable quarters when it ought to have been running around in the open and getting into better fur condition.

So it was with my "wormy parcel." There was a reason for it which had worried me for two months and then almost cost the lives of nine people.

Winter was over at Repulse Bay and the fur returns had to be taken to Chesterfield Inlet, to meet the S.S. *Nascopie* on her annual call. We packed the furs in canvas bags for better stowing in the twenty-eight-foot whaleboat, which we had mounted on a sled. To reach the ice-edge and the closest open water entailed a walk of about twenty-five miles over the ice, which was still covered by a wet mess of melting snow. With such heavy travelling conditions it took twenty dogs to keep the load moving.

It was chilly on the day that the boat was launched from the edge of the firm ice. With but a few inches of freeboard and little room to sit down, with less to move around in, we started to sail down Roe's Welcome, that stretch of water that lies between Southampton Island and the west coast of Hudson Bay. There were three Eskimo crewmen besides Archie Hunter, the clerk, and myself. When close-hauled on a long tack, water would occasionally slop over the gunwale. Sitting so close to the hissing water as we sped along under sail, and being somewhat concerned about our valuable cargo, it was with some trepidation that we noticed a young Greenland whale travelling along with us just a few yards away.

One of our crewmen, Madeye he had been named by the whalers who had a gift for giving remarkably appropriate names to some of the Eskimos, started to rig a whaling iron on a length of rope, which he tied to a short piece of lumber we had in the boat. We saw the possibility of Madeye making a strike and maybe getting our boat fast to a large young whale which might then decide to sound. It took some firm persuasion to have Madeye content himself with a few shots at our unwelcome convoy, which soon departed and allowed us to continue down Sir Thomas's Welcome with one less danger to think about.

We made shore only once to get some water, and then sailed through purling tidal eddies into the mouth of Wager Inlet (Wager Bay). The firm ice was about two miles from its mouth. We erected a tent on a small rocky island and within a few hours it had attracted an Eskimo in that seemingly uninhabited waste. He agreed to take us to the head of the inlet, and possibly right on to the trading post if travelling conditions did not rapidly deteriorate. This arrangement allowed our crew to take the boat back to Repulse Bay and get some hunting done.

We started our 150 mile walk up Wager Inlet in the early hours of the morning. Archie and I were able to get well ahead of the dogteam with the sled, since the

. . . the possibility of making a strike

driver was true to type and found something else to attend to when the hour of departure arrived. The season was further advanced in the inlet, and there were more cracks in the ice to run off the melting snow. Little difficulty was experienced in negotiating most of the cracks, but one caused us to alter course from due west to south and to follow it until it became narrow enough to cross over. Sometimes the sled would slip through pools of water that were deeper than the runners. Then the sacks of fur on the bottom got wet. This could not be altogether avoided. Our sudden change of course seemed to excite the dogs. The driver was himself skirting some deep water when they took off, running parallel with the crack. Of course the inevitable happened, the sled side-slipped into the water and the dogs with it. The furs did get wet this time and there was nothing we could do about it.

That evening, with a long walk behind us, our feet raw and sealskin boots pulpy and wet, we lay down to rest on the damp moss on the shore of the inlet. Morning came all too soon and with a change of socks our morale improved. A stiff breeze was blowing through the valleys. Wisps of scudding rain-filled cloud passed low overhead. Then it started to rain heavily. It is difficult to imagine a more miserable situation than that of walking on water-covered ice in a lashing rainstorm.

In the late evening of the second day we walked into a fishing camp. Willow fires were spluttering in the open, under old coal-oil cans from which the heads and tails of fish were sticking up through the scum on the boiling water. This did not detract from the hospitality of the head man and an old friend Teegoomeeatnak, so we had an excellent meal of boiled arctic char. This small band of Netchilik hunters were enjoying the season of plenty. That night we fell asleep to the booming of the drum and the strange singing of the dancers.

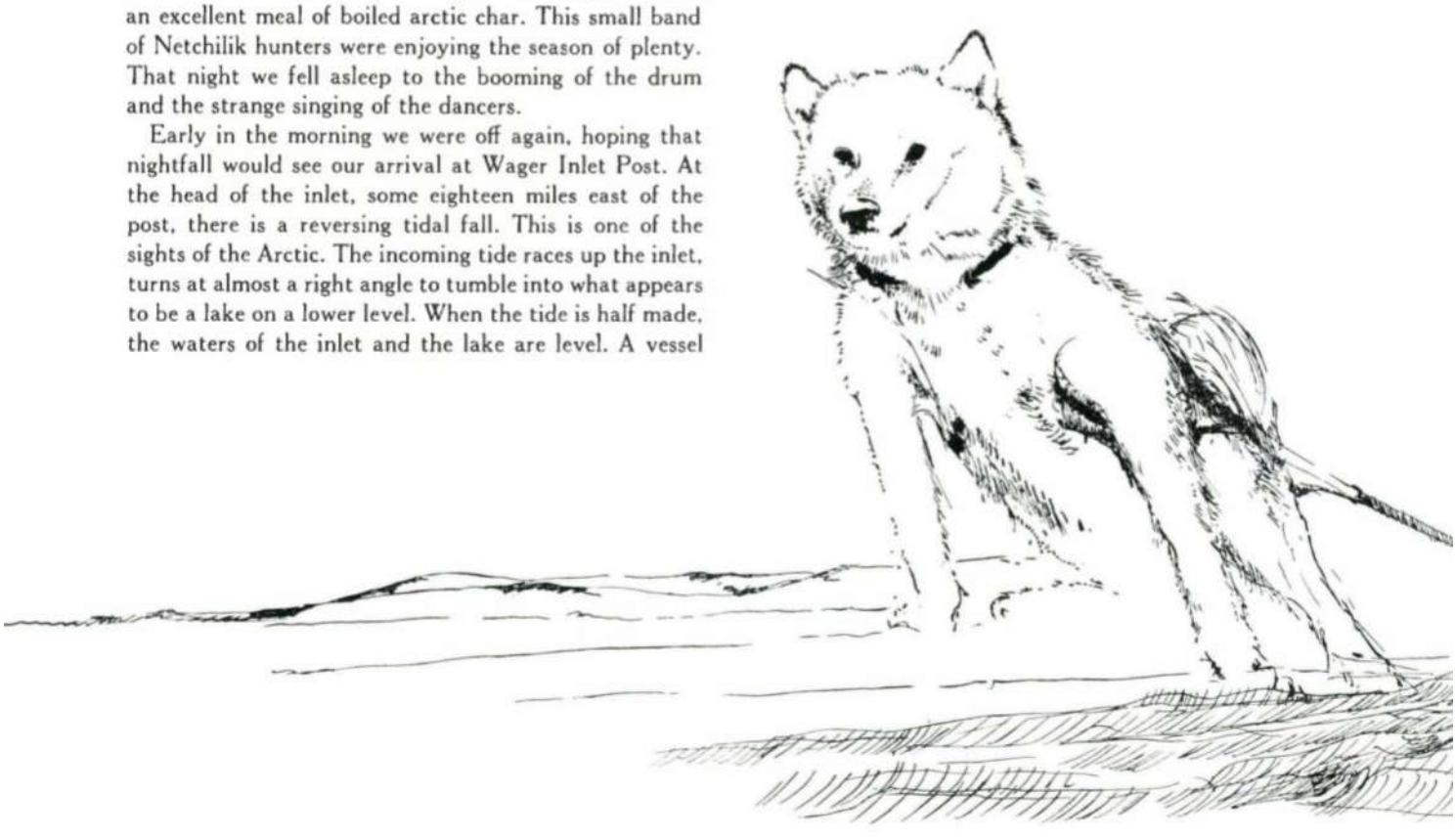
Early in the morning we were off again, hoping that nightfall would see our arrival at Wager Inlet Post. At the head of the inlet, some eighteen miles east of the post, there is a reversing tidal fall. This is one of the sights of the Arctic. The incoming tide races up the inlet, turns at almost a right angle to tumble into what appears to be a lake on a lower level. When the tide is half made, the waters of the inlet and the lake are level. A vessel drawing quite a bit of water may pass either way, depending on whether the tide is flowing or ebbing, for a period of two or three minutes.

The air was filled with a salt spray as the tide reached a height and the thundering of the water ceased. We portaged over a neck of land, dragging the sled over bare ground to reach the unbroken ice in the lake, where our journey could be resumed. In the evening, tired and footsore, we reached the post and our first concern was to get the furs out and have them air dried—if the weather would co-operate.

The second phase of our journey was over. We had walked for 150 miles in a westerly direction, instead of south where lay our final destination. This was as we had arranged the previous fall, since it was better to travel with the Wager Inlet manager in the small schooner *Madeline*.

This vessel had wintered over in the ice, but had since been hauled out to have the hull scraped and the seams caulked. She had been put to some hard usage and, having only soft pine planking, the whiskers that had been raised from scraping through young ice in the fall had to be planed off. This reduced the thickness of the planks but with a coat of paint she looked grand and was seaworthy.

There were only a few families at Wager Inlet Post. It had been established in 1925 to make trade contact



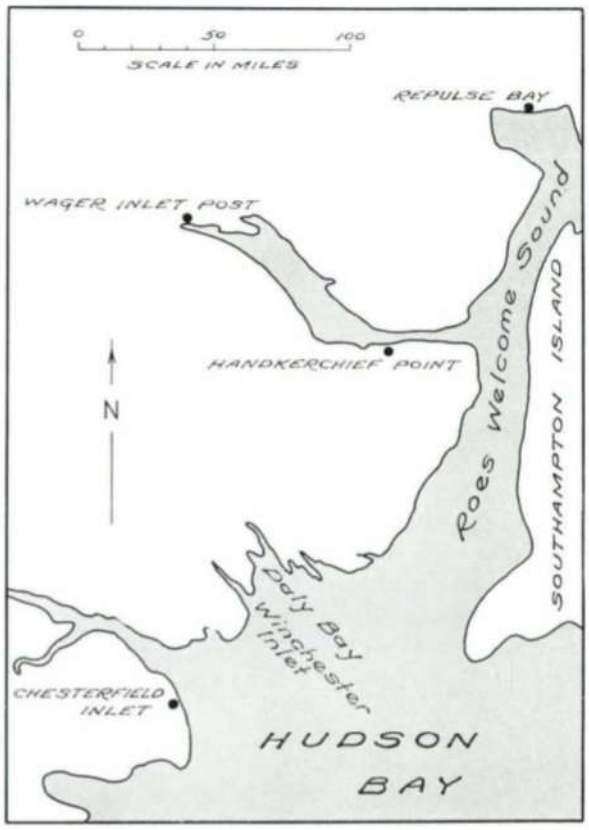
with a group of primitive Eskimos who subsisted largely on fish from the tidal waters of the Back River in the Western Arctic. From tidewaters in the Western Arctic to this new post in a navigable lake with an outlet into Hudson Bay was something just over 100 miles.

When the ice had finally moved out we started for Chesterfield. There were three white men, two Eskimo crewmen, and the Eskimo Hugjook and his family as passengers. The reversing falls were navigated with only a short delay while we waited on the tide to level out the waters. The hills cast deep shadows over the inlet. In the dusk hours some playful whales, gleaming white in the water, swam around the schooner and broke surface with a bellows-like sound as they exhaled.

We passed Handkerchief Point where the water cuts under the rocky shore and sets up dangerous eddies, and then on through the string of islands and reefs at the south entrance to Wager Inlet. In the fall we had traversed this dangerous passage on our way north. The wind was squally and at one time a hastily raised sail during an engine failure had saved us from being pounded on the reefs. Travelling at about eight knots, with the recently overhauled engine running perfectly, we started on the long crossing of immense Daly Bay on a heading for the mouth of Winchester Inlet.

It was a marvellous summer evening. All the islands were in mirage and even the distant shoreline at the bottom of the bay seemed close as it shimmered and loomed in the sky. Then the *Madeline* struck what must have been, since there was none visible, the only large piece of blue ice near. The impact did not cause any alarm, since we thought that it was a glancing blow. Then someone, Eskimo Dick I believe it was, noticed that we seemed to be trimming by the head. We examined and counted the strakes above the water line. Sure enough—we were sinking!

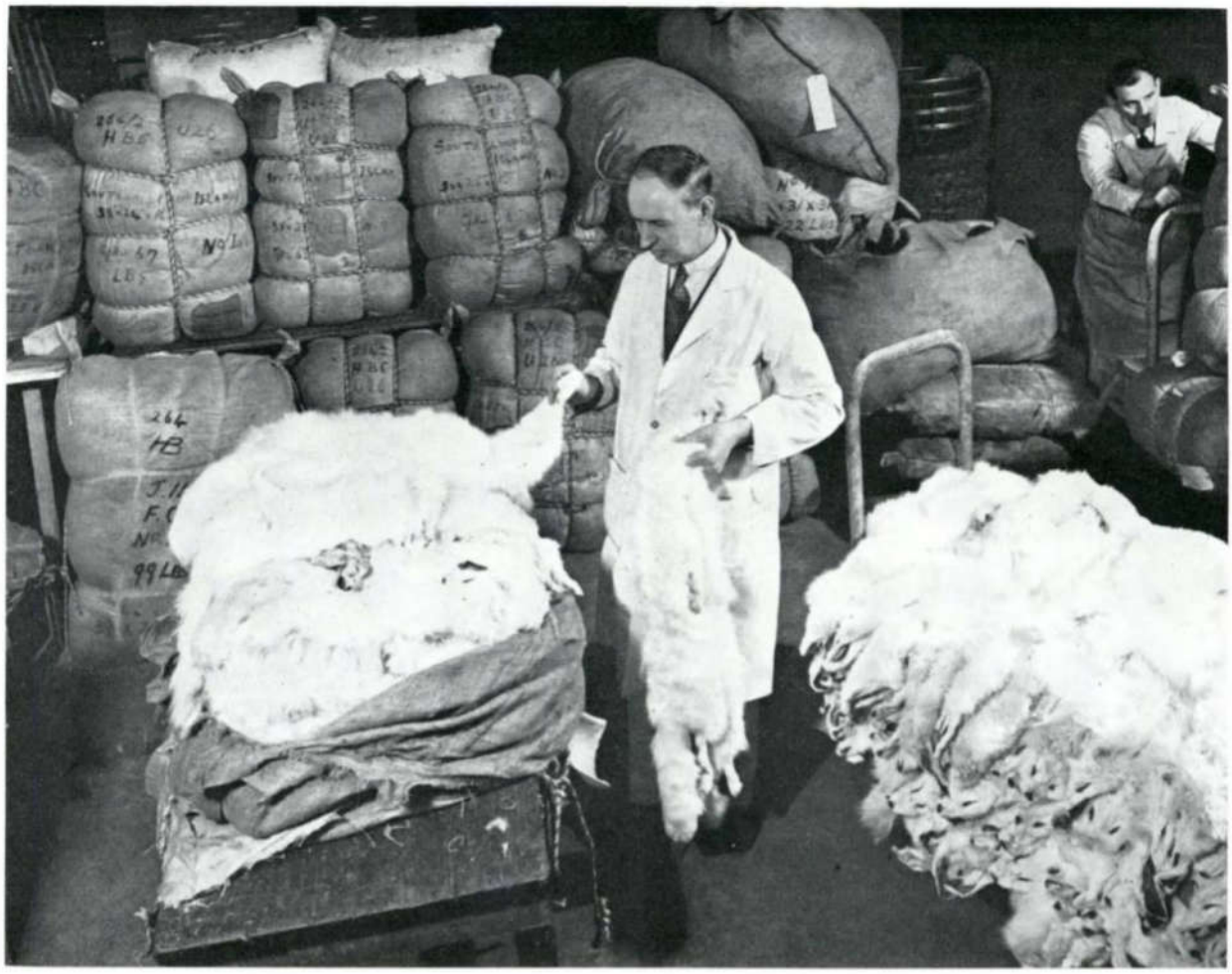
Swiftly we moved anchors and chains and barrels of spare fuel to the stern. Then the water began to show in



the engine room, it being already over the well in which the flywheel revolved. I climbed over the hatch coaming and the Eskimo family, already in bed and asleep, had a rough awakening when the water gurgled over their deerskin sleeping gear as I landed on top of it. It was now too late to discover from inside the extent of the damage, and there was already too much water in the hold to either pump or bail out.

I have often tried to recollect what our thoughts were at that moment. Having neither a small boat nor canoe, and no lifejackets, we were in a plight. I do remember that Jim Thom and I whispered together and agreed that we should cut the stay ropes of the mast. Then they would float out if the worst came to pass. Now, it seems ridiculous to think about hanging on to a mast in the

Of course the inevitable happened, the sled side-slipped into the water



Unpacking fox pelts in the old London warehouse. Might it be a wormy parcel?

water when there was no chance of being found. There was no one within almost one hundred miles of us.

The mattresses in the engine room bunks were afloat. The engine was still turning but the strain was beginning to tell. No one paid any attention to the most important thing. How close was the nearest island where we could crash-land on the shore? Everything around us was in mirage and islands seemed to pass, as it were, into focus and then out again up there in the sky where they should not have been.

Just as we were beginning to despair, and feel a little bit afraid, an island detached itself from above and settled down in the water a few hundred yards ahead of us. We could scarcely believe our eyes. Would the engine continue to run? Closer and closer we came as the engine began to labour under the weight of water. The boat was making right for it and with two hard jolts we grounded. We were too much relieved to realize in what danger we had been.

When the tide went down we were able to examine the damaged hull, and take a look at our fur cargo. Quite a large hole had been punched in the much planed planks of the *Madeline*. With two yards of canoe canvas, folded over twice and held in place with a few nails, together with a stiff application of engine cup grease, we were ready to start when the tide flowed again.

There were still eighty miles to travel. There was no danger of ice pulling off our patch, since Chesterfield Inlet swept the ice clear of its mouth for some distance. It was evening again when we approached the wharf at Chesterfield.

The staff at this central post had just finished a game of bridge when they came out to greet us. Their eyes opened wide when the fur bags were brought out from the hold. Once again we dried out the returns but possibly inside the skinned out ears and paws there might still have been wet spots that brought about the conditions that gave this shipment its adverse grading.

And so, gentlemen of the London warehouse, there you are. That is how it happened, but without the slightest doubt you were technically correct—a very wormy parcel indeed. ◆

THE CHANGING ESKIMO

A study of wage employment and its consequences among the Eskimos of Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island

BY TOSHIO YATSUSHIRO

IN some parts of the Canadian Arctic, especially those areas in which military bases or governmental stations or certain private commercial enterprises have been established during the last decade or two Eskimos are being recruited as wage labourers on an increasing scale. Although they maintained trading relations with agents of Western civilization and also were exposed to missionary influence, the Eastern Canadian Eskimos prior to World War II never experienced sustained, intimate contact with the more important elements of Western industrial economy and civilization.

What happens when a nomadic, hunting group, whose traditional mode of life reflects at best a late stone-age culture, is catapulted into the jet-age industrial economy? We shall not know the full story until additional time has elapsed but some recent field studies provide preliminary insights.[1-4] It was my privilege during the summers of 1958 and 1959 to carry out field research among the Eskimos of Frobisher Bay, a settlement in southern Baffin Island. This is a preliminary analysis of some of the results of my investigations concerning wage employment and its consequences.

The Eskimo population in Frobisher Bay was approximately 630 in August 1958 and well over 700 in August 1959. The white population was considerably larger. It included a sizable United States military detachment and a large number of Canadians employed in various capacities by different federal government agencies and private firms

In 1958 there were some 90 Eskimo men in regular wage employment, while in 1959 the number was around 100. Eskimos were engaged in a variety of occupations, as carpenters, painters, mechanics, manual laborers, janitors, operators of stationary machines and of trucks, tractors, bulldozers, and other heavy vehicles and equipment. Their employers consisted mainly of the Department of Northern Affairs, Department of Transport, and United States Air Force. The monthly earnings of a typical Eskimo worker averaged slightly over $300.

Along with other investigative techniques, an attitude survey was conducted among the wage employed Eskimos. During the first summer (1958) a questionnaire prepared in Eskimo syllabic script was distributed to a sample of Eskimo workers. The replies in Eskimo script were later translated into English in Ottawa. During the second summer (1959), the survey was based on verbal interviews conducted with the aid of an Eskimo interpreter and a tape recorder. The sample of Eskimos

Dr Yatsushiro is assistant professor of anthropology at McGill University

questioned amounted to 50 per cent in 1958 and 30 per cent in 1959 of the respective wage employed Eskimo populations.

Summarizing the more significant results, there is little overall difference in the two surveys. A majority of the people in both surveys expressed general satisfaction with their jobs, their treatment at work, the amount of their pay, and the length of their work day calculated in hours. Also a large majority agreed that the Eskimos in Frobisher Bay were leading a better life now than 20 years ago. The improvement in Eskimo life was attributed to: (*a*) the sizable earnings realized from wage work that enable the Eskimos to purchase a wide variety of Western goods; and (*b*) the various forms of government assistance rendered the Eskimos in the field of health, education, housing, and general welfare. One of the few negative replies to the same question reveals such a profound assessment of the situation that it deserves to be quoted:

> Only the appearance [of Eskimo life today] is better, but the Eskimos' minds are not better. The way they think is not as good as before. For example, stealing is becoming prevalent. And women are getting worse; they become tired of their husbands more easily. Separations did not occur as frequently in the past. They occur more frequently today because there are too many Eskimos here in Frobisher Bay. It is also due to the presence of white men. Some Eskimo women even prefer white men to Eskimo men!

The set of questions that provoked the most interesting responses had to do with the Eskimo's desire to hunt and to remain in wage employment. For instance, a majority expressed the opinion that they would be happier if they were given more time off from their wage work so that they could hunt. In other words, most of the Eskimo workers are not happy with the present work schedule that does not permit them sufficient time to hunt. And when asked to choose between full-time wage employment and full-time hunting, the Eskimo responses indicate great ambivalence. About a fifth of the people chose wage work over hunting as a full-time occupation, but as many selected hunting over wage work. Another fifth were desirous of pursuing both wage work and hunting on an equally regular basis. The remaining two-fifths gave ambiguous statements or simply refused to advance any opinion.

The above response pattern is significant in that it brings into sharp focus a major predicament confronting the Ekimos in wage employment. This has to do with the Eskimo worker's need to reconcile, on the one hand, the necessity (as he views it) to hunt and thereby procure sufficient seal meat and other native foods to maintain

Mike, who is senior Eskimo assistant to the director of the rehabilitation centre, holds a well paid job

himself and his family, and on the other, his desire to continue in wage employment and thereby earn enough money to purchase motored boats, guns, ammunition, and many other Western goods of which he and his people have become fond. These other articles include Western clothes, wrist watches, cameras, short-wave radio sets, record players, refrigerators, electric washing machines, sewing machines, electric shavers, motorcycles, motor scooters, automobiles, and a variety of foods ranging from chewing gum to flour.

THE PRECEDING account of the survey results, which portrays the Eskimo workers as having adapted themselves rather successfully to wage employment, must be examined in relation to certain factors and conditions affecting Eskimo attitude and behaviour in general. One of these factors concerns the Eskimo's contact experience with whites, at work and otherwise. Generally, those Eskimos whose superiors have treated them fairly and those who have cultivated friendship links with individual whites tend to exhibit favourable attitudes toward their employers and their employment situation. This is, of course, not surprising for in the small band of a few families that characterized the traditional Eskimo community, everyone knew everyone else, and life revolved around intimate, personal relationships, the maintenance of which was in the final analysis considered far more important than, say, a concern with material well-being.

Another factor influencing Eskimo attitude and behaviour has to do with the Eskimo's perception and conception of whites and Western culture. On the one hand, many Eskimos openly express great admiration for whites and their way of life. This may be seen in the statement of a 55-year-old man in response to the question whether Western culture is better than the Eskimo way of life, as follows:

> White man's life is better now; it wasn't before. Now we have teachers and such, and Eskimo life has improved. It is more like white man's. Before, the Eskimo had very few material possessions. Now it is all much better, this with the white man's help.

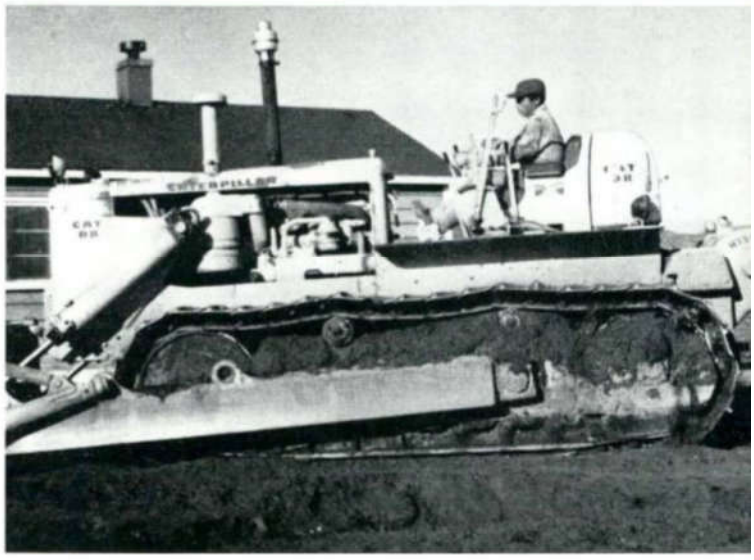
On the other hand, there is some doubt and uncertainty in this regard, as evidenced in the following statement of another Eskimo in response to the same question:

> Some Eskimos don't like to see white men between their tents and houses. White men should not be in Ikaluit [Eskimo community]; maybe they have been drinking. Eskimo boys and girls have to be careful.

Still another relevant factor shaping Eskimo attitude and behaviour has to do with the varying actions and policies of different government and private agencies. For example, the R.C.M.Police detachment stationed in Frobisher Bay has been exterminating unleashed dogs owned by Eskimos, on the ground that such animals constitute a menace to the community, especially the white residents. Since the Eskimo cannot travel or hunt in the winter without dogs, he has bitterly resented this

Eskimo carpenters building platform and steps

A "cat" driver levelling ground



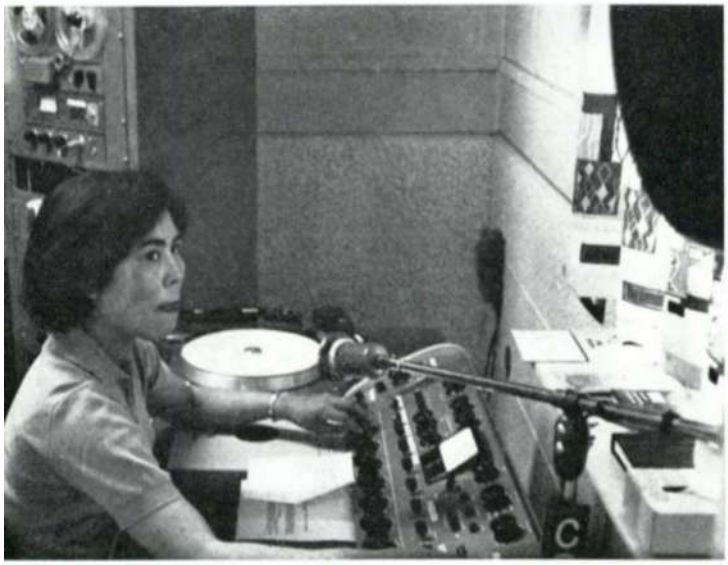
Photographs by the author except where credited

government action. When questioned about this policy, a 49-year-old man stated:

> First I thought of killing the policemen. But I don't mind now. Maybe afterwards there won't be so many dogs, since the police are shooting them. In five years there may be none at all. Maybe the police will kill Eskimos then, just like the dogs.

Yet another factor significantly affecting the Eskimo, especially in regard to wage employment, is his conception and perception of time. His experience with time relates primarily to the traditional hunting life. For example, he is familiar with the seasonal changes and their significance to his hunting pattern, the daily tidal fluctuations of the sea and their implications for travelling and hunting, the annual migration pattern of game animals, and the like. With the advent of wage employment, however, the Eskimos have been compelled to alter radically their notion of time. The Eskimo worker is now required to report to work promptly at a specified time, this regularly throughout the year. This has been most stressful to him and his family. And it has led to considerable antagonism between many Eskimo workers and their white employers. The latter become annoyed by the irregularity with which Eskimo employees report to work and complain that too many are unreliable. The Eskimo family, on the other hand, suffers too, for the regular worker has insufficient time to hunt properly and obtain native food required by the family.

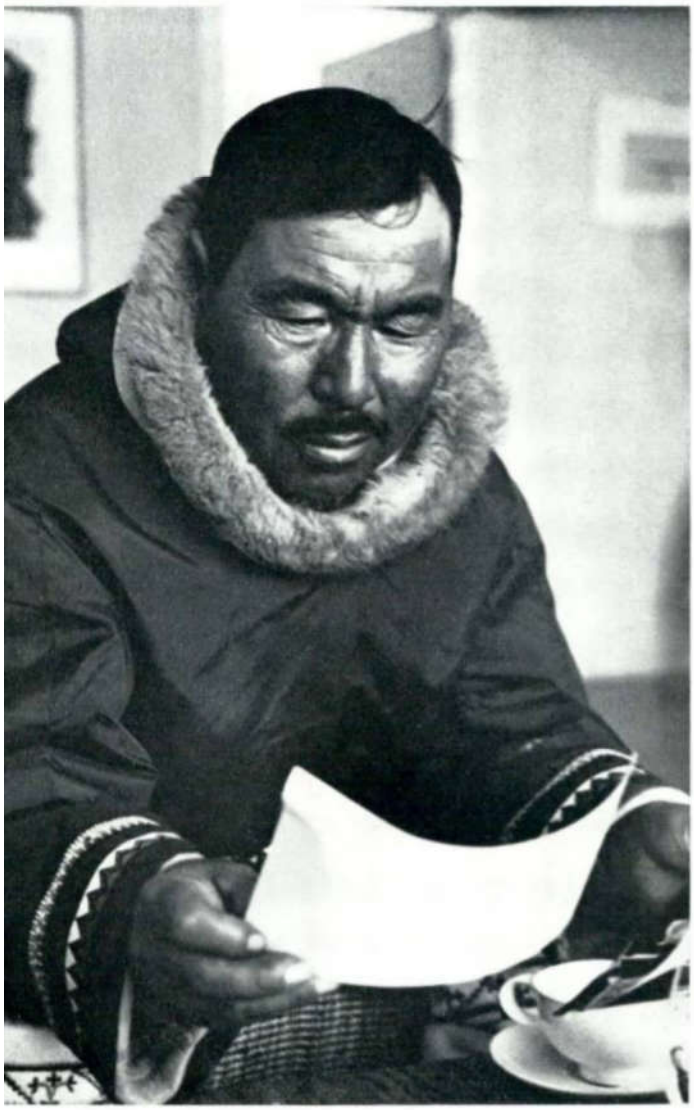
Native food is still important; this man brings in pieces of bear meat



Women also earn wages. Mrs Kikiwak is a CBC announcer
Charles Gimpel Photo

In spite of these difficulties, it is rather remarkable how a hunting people who lived in igloos only a few years ago have gone as far as they have in adjusting to the rigid time demands of wage employment. In 88 households, 107 clocks and nearly as many wrist watches were counted in 1958. Of course, the mere possession of such timepieces does not serve as a true index of the degree to which a people have assimilated the Western concept of time, for it is motivated in part by reasons of prestige and vanity. However, it is surprising to observe the extent to which the Eskimos regulate their daily life by the timepiece, aside from reporting to work on time. For example, I arranged appointments for interviews with a large number of Eskimos, sometimes a week in advance, and in practically every instance they observed them faithfully, arriving promptly on time. The various community activities that are scheduled regularly or periodically—such as school, movies, dances, and so on—assist materially in disciplining the Eskimos towards assimilating Western practice regarding time.

But even among the many who display every appearance of having made a successful adjustment in this respect, the resulting strain is unmistakably noticeable. Some of the best workers frankly admitted that they did not know how long they could continue in wage work on a regular basis. One of the only two Eskimos who owned automobiles in 1959, a 36-year-old individual who had been working continuously for 16 years in DEW Line and other wage work, confided that he had had his fill of wage employment, and that he was planning to resume



Studying pictures over a cup of tea *Charles Gimpel photo*

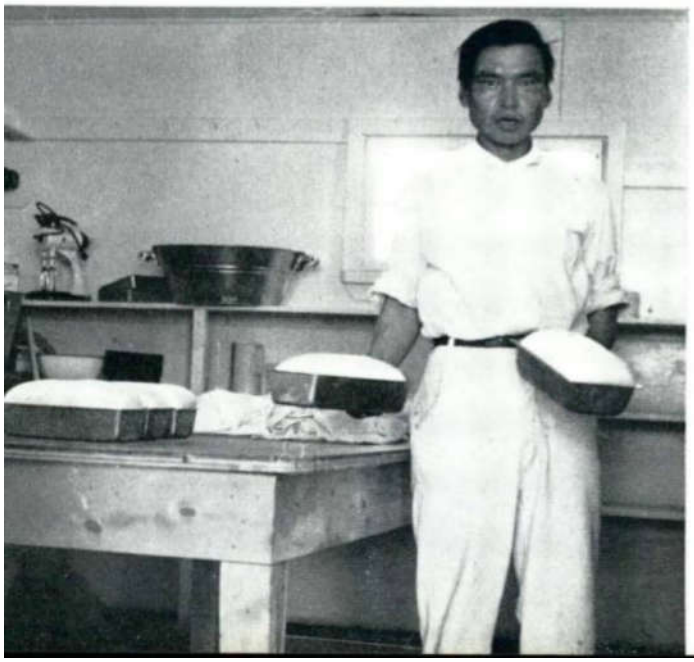
hunting on a regular basis. At the time this person was on the verge of being discharged from his job on the ground that he was a "poor worker." It is extremely doubtful that this Eskimo was consistently a poor worker during the preceding 15 years. More likely he has become a casualty of Western industrial economy and civilization. And he represents a number of others who have experienced or are likely to experience a similar fate.

This situation is not entirely the consequence of wage employment, although the latter lies at the heart of the problem. It also stems from the requirements of the whole new cultural order—sending children to school, observing modern health and sanitation measures, abiding by numerous government laws and regulations, ranging from the R.C.M.Police rule requiring the leashing of dogs to filling out federal income tax returns, and so on. It also stems from the restrictions the new social order has imposed on the Eskimo's traditional mode of life. Most notable in this regard is the limitation placed on his freedom. The wage employed Eskimo, for example, is no longer free to hunt when he pleases, to let his dogs roam unleashed, to pitch his tent wherever he pleases, nor to build winter houses from scrap lumber and other discarded materials.* Even his home is no longer a private domain, for it is subject to periodic inspection by health officials. In many other ways he has become a helpless captive of Western civilization.

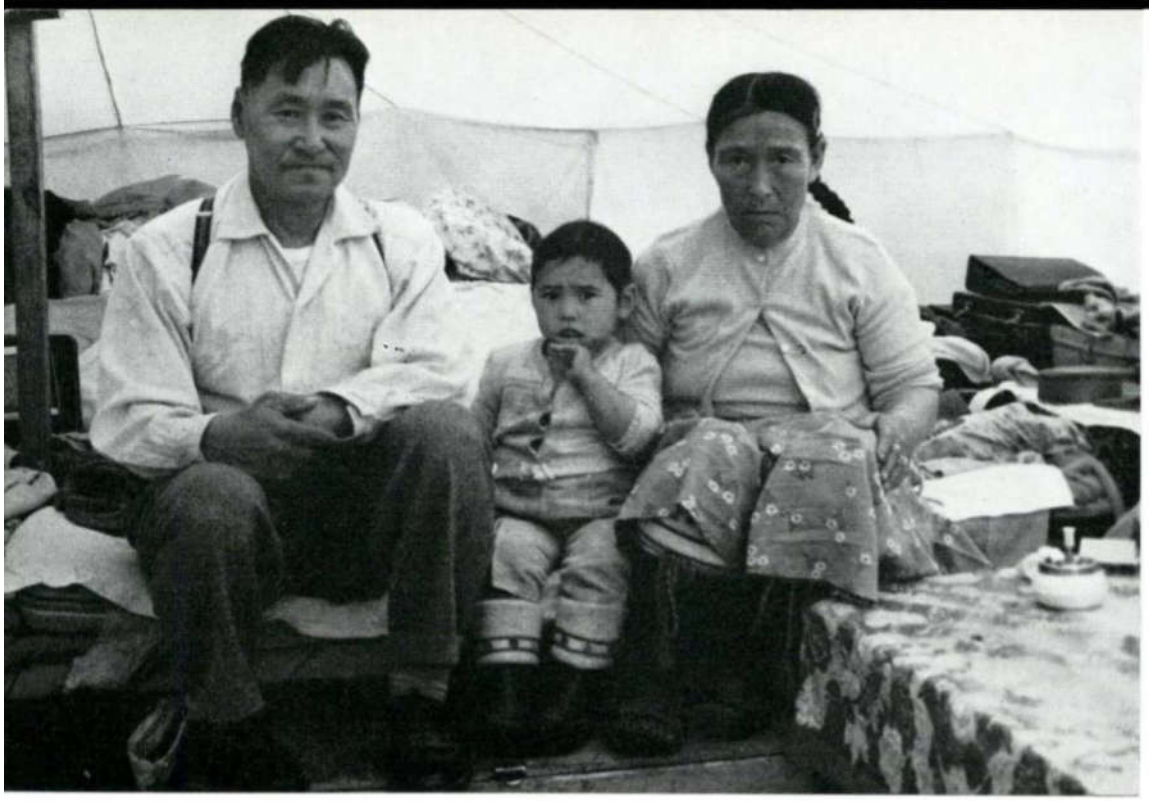
When the requirements of the new cultural order and the restrictions placed on his customary life are viewed along with the consequences of wage employment and the intensive contact situation, one begins to perceive the magnitude and complexity of the problem facing the wage employed Eskimos. Individually and collectively they have been subjected to continuing stress and strain. This is manifesting itself in a variety of ways. The inci-

*See Frobisher Bay by Len Peterson, *Beaver*, Winter 1958.

Eskimo baker supplies white families. Eskimos use bannock



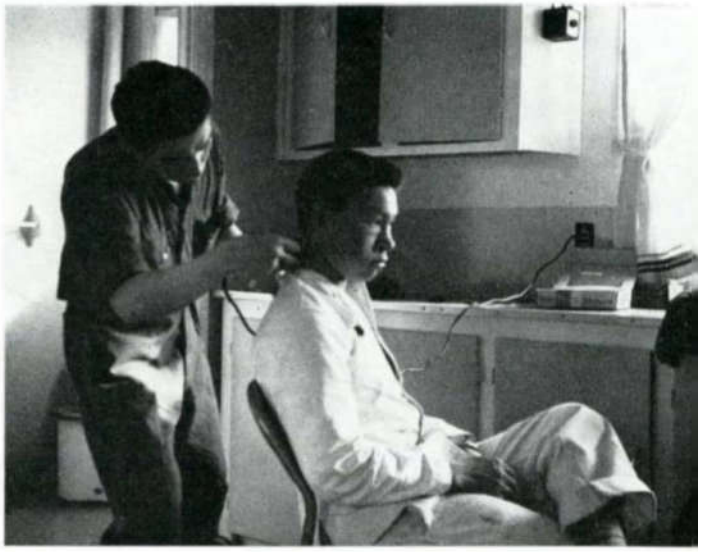
Bicyclist passes frame houses Eskimos rent from government



Itotchak, here with his wife and grandchild, has worked as a janitor for the U.S.A.F. for many years. The family lives in a tent during the summer

dence of theft, marital discord, deviant sexual behaviour, gang fights, gambling, and drinking is causing considerable anxiety to the older Eskimos. This is evidenced in the statement, quoted earlier, of the Eskimo who said that only the appearance of Eskimo life today was better, but the Eskimos' minds were not better.

Marriage among the eligible youth is being deferred for a considerably longer period than formerly. In addition new marriages or trial unions seem to dissolve more readily than is normally the case. One Eskimo lad of 22 years of age remarked in response to my casual query as to why he was not married as yet: "Why should I get married to one woman. It's more fun this way." Marital instability is more characteristic of the younger than the older generation. And it is the younger Eskimos who make up the bulk of the wage employed population.



In his modern frame house, electric clippers are used for a haircut

Prams are a novelty for Eskimo babies; even the boy is interested

Two cases of attempted suicide occurred in 1958, with one happening closely on the heels of the other. One case took place dramatically during the visit to the area of the cabinet minister whose department has jurisdiction over the welfare of all Eskimos in Canada. Although the occurrence of the two events may have been purely coincidental, some white observers who had been following the Eskimo situation in Frobisher Bay rather closely seemed to think that there was some connection, i.e., that the attempted suicide represented a dramatization

of the Eskimo's general dissatisfaction and a form of aggression directed at the government.

Several cases of mental and emotional instability were noted during the investigation. Whether or not the incidence rate in this regard is normal for a population of the size of Frobisher Bay remains a matter for further research. It is strongly suspected that a systematic study would reveal the rate to be higher than might be expected by chance, and further that the drastic change occurring to the Eskimos represents a significant contributing factor.

THUS, WE SEE that the introduction of wage employment has many consequences for the recipients. On the one hand, it has effected a very noticeable improvement in the Eskimo standard of living. On the other hand, the requirements of the new cultural order, of which wage employment is simply a part, have necessitated a wholesale adjustment on the part of the formerly nomadic, hunting people, as a consequence of which the entire community is engulfed in tension. Some of the different ways the abnormal situation is manifesting itself have been noted.

Although a certain measure of psychological strain and socio-cultural disorganization is admittedly inevitable in culture change of any magnitude, the principal change agent, in this case the Canadian Government, can do much towards ameliorating the situation. For example, the Eskimo's work schedule might, as a matter of policy, be so arranged that it would enable him to go on extended hunts periodically to procure the native foods required by his family. Or a committee of employers and Eskimo employees could be established to cope with problems of mutual concern. However, the program that would have the greatest desired impact on the entire Eskimo community consists of the establishment of a self-governing political body representing the various segments of the native population. As a matter of democratic principle many would agree that the Eskimos should be given a voice in the management of their community and in the shaping of their destiny. But leaving aside such a noble principle, it may be noted that certain studies of other peoples experiencing a similar crisis due to large-scale changes imposed on them from the outside lend strong support to the proposition advanced here [2, 3, 5].

A properly instituted self-governing Eskimo body could serve as a most effective instrument of administration. It would function as the main channel of communication between the administration and the Eskimo residents. Important policies and regulations relating

Old and new mingle in tent home; metal western bed and ulu used to scrape sealskin

Bus service, with Eskimo driver, over a 3½-mile route, was introduced in 1959

Operating an electric-powered buffing machine

to work and other matters could be communicated effectively to the entire community through the duly elected assembly. Such a body would have the opportunity to initiate discussions concerning any matter and arrive at appropriate group decisions in a democratic manner. Through this representative leadership the administration could keep in close touch with the problems and desires of the Eskimo community, and thereby be in a better position to administer wisely. And in addition to legislative and communication functions, the representative assembly could assume judicial and administrative roles. Theft and other undesirable forms of behaviour in the Eskimo community could be controlled more effectively through established native authority than by an outside agent, such as the R.C.M. Police.

The self-governing body could also function as an open forum for airing any grievances prevailing in the Eskimo community. It could permit the people to give release to cumulating tensions resulting from the rapidly changing socio-cultural order to which they are required to adjust. It would thus make a significant therapeutic contribution towards promoting the socio-psychological health of the community. In brief, to a large degree the shocks attending the changing cultural scene could be absorbed by a properly established self-governing institution. And in the process the people's self-respect and pride that have been steadily deteriorating would be restored. Finally, the Eskimo's growing dependence on the federal government could be relieved greatly to the benefit of all concerned, including the Canadian taxpayer.

The Eskimos are admittedly inexperienced in the art of modern government. But with proper guidance by an understanding and experienced staff, there is no reason why they cannot acquire the requisite skills and knowledge. In different ways—for instance, technology—they have demonstrated their willingness and capacity to learn and to make the necessary adjustment to Western ways. Initially, however, it would seem advisable to utilize that with which the Eskimos are most familiar. That is to say, it would be far more profitable at the outset to designate the recognized heads of the different extended family groups as members of the first self-governing body, instead of imposing the whole election complex on the people in determining the community leaders. If it becomes necessary, voting within such a political body could be weighted to reflect the size of the different family groups. The whole electoral system, idealized in the West as representing the essence of "democracy," and even the concept of a "leader" representing an entire community of the size of Frobisher Bay are totally foreign to the Eskimos. But with proper guidance and in due time, the Eskimos can and will gradually learn to adopt these practices and ideas, as well as other elements of Western civilization, towards advancing their general welfare.

Although the desire to have their own self-governing system is not clearly manifest at present, the need for some such arrangement is keenly felt by some of the more mature Eskimos. An excerpt from a letter I received unsolicited from a 49-year-old Eskimo man illustrates this:

> I know you all have bosses and you are supposed to follow certain rules. Do so, and for the good of the Eskimo people explain to us what they mean. We will try to co-operate and some of us will write it down so we won't forget. If things were explained I'm sure that most of us would understand better, and in this way we can start understanding your ways. Some of us Eskimos may seem ignorant and not do as we're told, but it is only because we are not able to understand you people.

The wage employed Eskimo in the Canadian Arctic is undergoing a cultural revolution of the first order of magnitude. Whether he succeeds in adjusting to the transformation or falls along the wayside as a casualty rests in part with him, but a good share of the responsibility lies squarely with the principal change agent, the Canadian Government. ◆

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Emily Carr in her twenties

EMILY CARR and the Newcombe Collection

by Flora Hamilton Burns

IN the British Columbia Archives at Victoria are one hundred and twenty-three pictures by Emily Carr, in pen, pencil, charcoal, water-colour and oils. These formed part of the valuable collection of Indian art and natural history which belonged to the late William Arnold Newcombe, biologist, anthropologist and ethnologist of Victoria, who died suddenly in November 1960. His collection also embraced that of his father, Dr C. F. Newcombe, a noted expert on natural history and Indian art, who had been one of Emily Carr's first patrons. William Newcombe was unmarried and the Government of British Columbia purchased the Newcombe Collection from his Estate.

In 1889 Dr Charles Frederick Newcombe, a distinguished English surgeon, psychiatrist, and scientist, settled in James's Bay, Victoria's oldest residential suburb. He was a man of high professional attainments and wide interests in the arts. He carried out important medical work for the British Columbia Government and was closely associated with John Fannin, the first curator of the Provincial Museum. Dr Newcombe was also one of the founders of the Natural History Society of Victoria. In addition he developed a passionate interest in the art and culture of the aboriginal inhabitants of the British Columbia coast.

During the next thirty-five years Dr Newcombe made countless journeys in his own open sailboat, launch, and even by canoe, to remote and almost unknown villages of the far north, in a

A close friend of Emily Carr, Victoria author Miss Burns was the first to give encouragement and advice when Emily began to write

ceaseless endeavour to save from destruction some of the great totem poles and other vanishing memorials of the Indians' past. He amassed an outstanding collection of the art forms of the Coast Indians for the provincial government, and some of the most impressive exhibits in leading anthropological collections on this continent and in Europe are the results of his labours.

In James's Bay, overlooking Beacon Hill Park, lived the family of Richard Carr. In the year that Dr Newcombe settled in Victoria Emily Carr, aged barely eighteen, overcame the family opposition and left Victoria to study at the San Francisco School of Art (now the University of California School of Fine Arts) where she remained for about five years. Upon her return home she taught art for several years.

In 1898 Emily visited friends at the Indian Mission at Ucluelet on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. She was deeply stirred by the Indians. Upon her first appearance among them she was accepted by the patriarch of the village who said she was fearless, "not stuck up," and knew how to laugh. She visited them in their houses, and they named her Klee Wyck—Laughing One—because her sense of fun bridged the language gap. She brought home drawings and water-colour sketches of the Indians and their surroundings, some of which illustrate this article. Emily subsequently spent more than seven years at celebrated art schools in Europe, but her love and understanding of the Indians remained an abiding factor in her life, and in the development of her art.

Shortly after Emily's return from five years of study in England, Arnold Watson of the Victoria newspaper *The Week* visited her studio. He was impressed by her work, but considered her Ucluelet sketches outstanding. *The Week* engaged her as their cartoonist, and her witty and original cartoons appeared regularly until she moved to Vancouver to teach in 1905. The following year she visited Sitka and the Yukon. On this journey Emily saw many Indian villages with their grand totem poles, their house posts and their unique painted house fronts. She realized that this art was doomed to disappear, and made up her mind to paint the poles in their own settings. She determined to make as complete a collection of them as possible, and every summer during the next four years she went north, going far off the beaten track of hotels and easy travel to reach unspoilt villages.

Through the advice of Dr Newcombe and a few other friends, and by her own indomitable determination, Emily travelled to the most remote areas, by gasboat or canoe, stage or wagon; she slept in mission houses, schoolhouses, lighthouses, Indian houses, or a tent, carrying her own food and bedding with her. The sheer power and command of materials of the Indian art, combined with its deep underlying relationship to its surroundings, and its creators' constant search "beneath the surface for the hidden thing which is felt rather than seen, the 'reality' which in fact underlies everything," as Emily expressed it, inspired and liberated her creative energy, but she felt the need for broader technique and stronger handling.

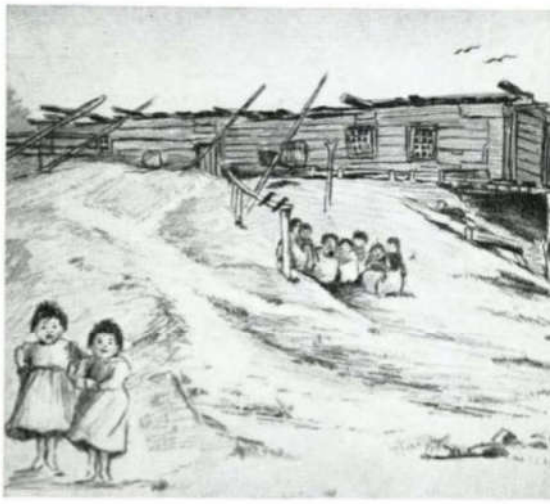
In 1910 Emily went to France for eighteen months. The pure, brilliant colours of the Impressionists, and their new manner of painting in oils made a lasting impression upon her, and she approached her own painting with fresh vision and power. Many of her finest historic canvases date from 1911 and 1912. In 1913 she built her apartment house and studio in Victoria, and held an exhibition of her latest paintings which she called "the new way of seeing." With very few exceptions Victorians were shocked and mystified by the powerful canvases, with their strong, vibrating colours and bold contours, but Dr Newcombe, an acknowledged authority on Indian art, bought eight or more of her pictures.

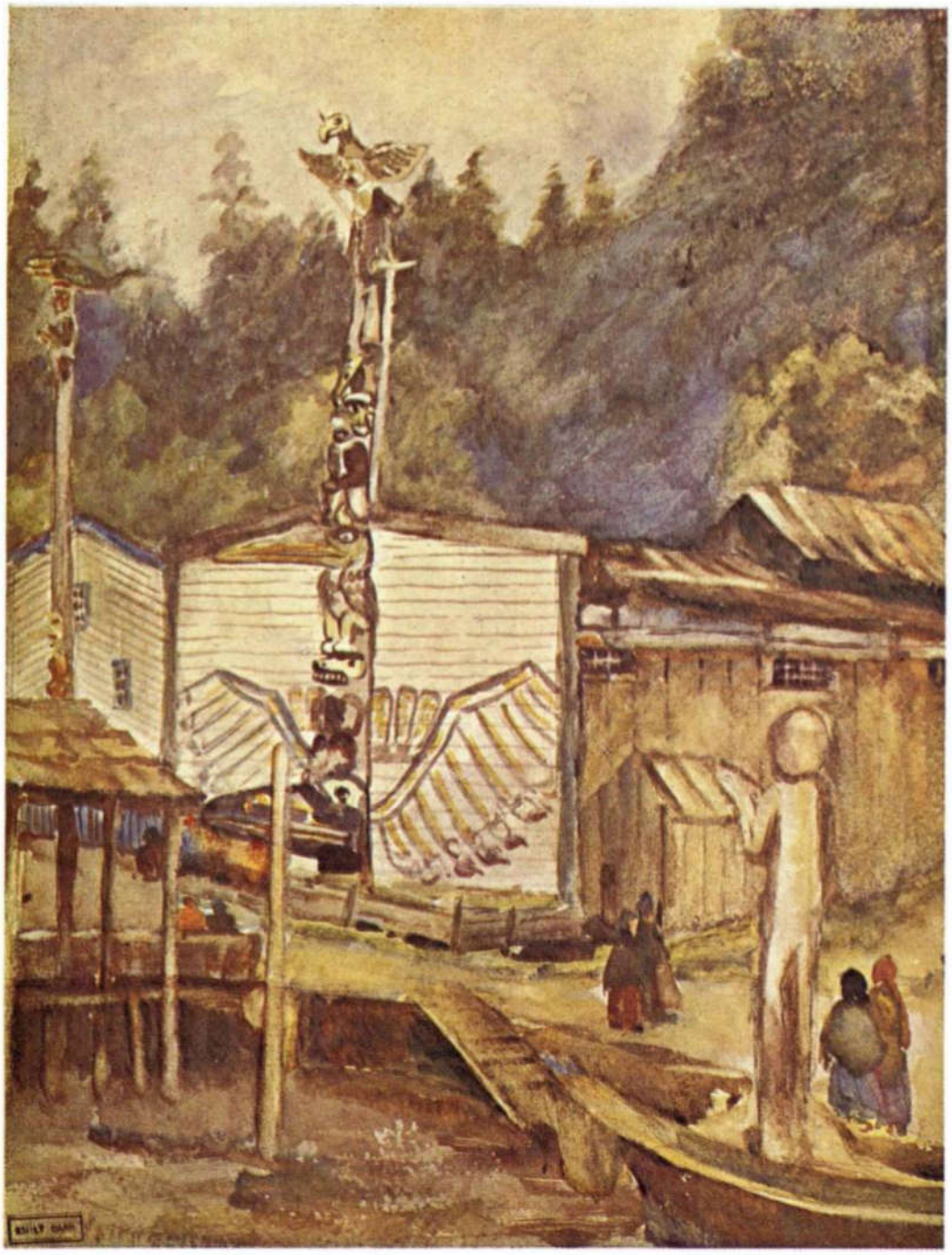
THREE CHILDREN
Ucluelet, Vancouver Island, 1898.
Pen and ink

PORTRAIT OF WOO
c. 1930. Oil on canvas.
Emily had her pet monkey for fourteen years. Woo's favourite perch was the cherry tree in the garden of the House of All Sorts. Here she shakes a branch and seems to say "No cherries! I'm mad! Mad! Mad!"

The First World War precipitated a financial collapse in Victoria, and the next fifteen years were a desert of struggle and frustration for Emily. She could not sell her pictures and was forced to earn a precarious living by running a combined apartment and boarding-house, breeding dogs, and making pottery and hooked rugs for sale. Except for occasional relaxation, she did not paint. My personal friendship with Emily began in 1925, after the death of my mother who was a close friend of Emily, and a great admirer of her work.

CEDAR CANNIBAL HOUSE, ADA AND LOUISA, ETEDSU
Ucluelet, 1898. Pencil. Water-colour.
Etedsu was one of two Indian Reserves at Ucluelet. The Mission House, where Emily stayed, lay between them





MRS. WAI-IN-UC
Ucluelet, 1898.
The name was
Mrs. Wynook i
book and it was
named Emily K
She is weaving
bark mat

THUNDERBIRD OF WAWKYAS
Alert Bay, 1908.
Water-colour.
Bottom figure on the totem pole is raven which serves as entrance to the communal house. House front and pole are now in Stanley Park, Vancouver

Art circles elsewhere knew nothing of Emily Carr, but Marius Barbeau, Director of the National Museum at Ottawa, heard of her paintings from his Tsimshian interpreter. He sought her out and in 1927 the Canadian National Gallery invited her to show sixty of her paintings at the Exhibition of Northwest Coast Art in Ottawa. Emily went East for the show and met many of Canada's foremost artists. They were enthusiastic about her work and she returned to Victoria inspired and reinvigorated by their encouragement.

Emily wished to resume her northern painting trips but great changes had taken place in the intervening years. Many villages were deserted, their poles shattered and buried beneath a sea of undergrowth or dragged off to museums. Dr Newcombe was dead but his second son, William, always called "Willie" by his family and old friends, came to her assistance.

Willie had inherited his father's intense love of nature and his affection for the Indians, and from his early teens had accompanied him on hazardous voyages up and down the coast. He had been educated at private schools and had a brilliant mind and great ability, but declined a scholarship, preferring the free, outdoor life and direct contact with nature. He said: "My father was a recognized authority on natural history and marine history. He was also an author. I served as father's roustabout, travelling with him, and while doing so, acquired ground work and background."

As an expert on marine biology Willie was attached to the Department of Marine & Fisheries for some time before he joined the Provincial Museum in 1927 as assistant biologist. When Emily planned her great journeys of 1928-32 he gave her valuable information and loaned her

Indian woman. Untitled. 1928. Water-colour.
Believed to be Louisa, with whom Emily travelled in the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1912 and with whom she stayed in 1928

his father's unique photographs, covering forty years, as a guide to important sites.

Emily was fifty-seven years old when she embarked upon the most prolific and dynamic period of her career. She penetrated to almost inaccessible villages on the Skeena and the Nass, and to the ruined sites on Queen Charlotte Islands. During these journeys she suffered greater physical hardships than she had encountered in the past, but nothing deterred her.

The mosquitoes up the Nass River were beyond words or endurance, and Emily said that to try and concentrate on "significant form" or anything else was terrible as life was a torment every moment she was out of doors. Going into Kitwancool, a village hostile and forbidden to white people, she had to ride for seven hours on a springless wagon, piled high with lumber, on top of which she was forced to perch with three Indians. There was nothing to which she could hold on, she had to clasp her small griffon dog in her arms, and the road was so awful that at every moment she expected to be flung violently to the ground. Wet to the skin, she sheltered in Indian graves from torrential thunderstorms lasting for hours, and spent incredible nights and days on Indian and Japanese fish boats in a wild Pacific storm.

Some of her greatest canvases are the results of these journeys but her painting was again undergoing a change. She had outgrown the Indian subjects and turned to the wholly creative task of interpreting the majestic landscapes of the West. About the same time Willie Newcombe resigned from the Museum and concentrated upon collecting and writing for scientific purposes, but he was always ready to help his friends in many ways.

Suddenly, in January 1937, while preparing for the Coronation Exhibition at the Canadian National Gallery, Emily was stricken by an extremely severe heart attack. She was rushed to hospital for long rest and quiet; all

SITKA—BAKERY AND SHOPS OF THE RUSSIANS. *1907. Water-colour.*
Later the building of the Sitka Trading Company

physical exertion was forbidden. No visitors were permitted except her sister Alice, Willie Newcombe and myself. Acute financial worry and despair at the prospect of never being able to resume an active life jeopardized her recovery.

Through my sister in the East I contacted the National Gallery, asking what could be done to ease the financial situation. The Gallery instructed Eric Newton, the noted English art critic who was visiting Western Canada, to select fifteen of Emily's pictures for prospective purchasers in the East. Willie met Newton on his arrival, showed him Emily's pictures and took him to see her in hospital. Newton's visit was the turning point in Emily's recovery. Her convalescence was slow and her subsequent health precarious, but she was permitted to paint as long as no other physical exertion was involved.

Willie took over the framing, crating and shipping of Emily's pictures for exhibitions and sale during the rest of her life: in the following eight years she showed at twenty-nine exhibitions in Europe and America. The telephone would ring: "Can you come to supper tonight? Willie is here, packing my pictures for Paris." (It was the Exposition Internationale of 1937.)

Emily had a great capacity for friendship though she could be sharp if she considered people thoughtless, pretentious or hypocritical. She was a most exhilarating and amusing companion, witty and original under all circumstances. When she was recovering from a severe set-back on one occasion I took her some Okanagan peaches. When she saw them she said, "I could sit up in my coffin to eat a peach." It was never dull in her company, whether her mood was gay or serious.

Shortly before she was taken ill Emily had sold her apartment house and rented a small cottage not far from her old home. Two years later she moved to Alice's little schoolhouse on the Carr property, adding a small wing

for herself and using the former schoolroom as her studio.

I was anxious about the effects of the move on Emily but she told me that although exceedingly tired, she had "sat up" well under the strain. Willie had taken complete charge of the pictures. She said he was like "a clucking hen," and refused to move them until all the workmen had gone, as he had no faith in the possible activities of workmen.

Willie installed racks for her pictures, built an aviary for her "budgies" and a ramp so that she could be wheeled from the house to the street. During the last five years of her life Emily was frequently in hospital or nursing homes. It was war time; domestic help was almost unobtainable, but Willie was literally her right-hand man. He put up blackout screens, looked after her fuel stocks and showed her pictures to special visitors. He also took under his wing her sister Alice who had become blind. He would never consider remuneration, but Emily no doubt persuaded him to accept some of her Indian work which was of special interest to him, and particularly her earlier work which portrayed Indian life half a century before, and her detailed studies of totem poles which would soon cease to exist.

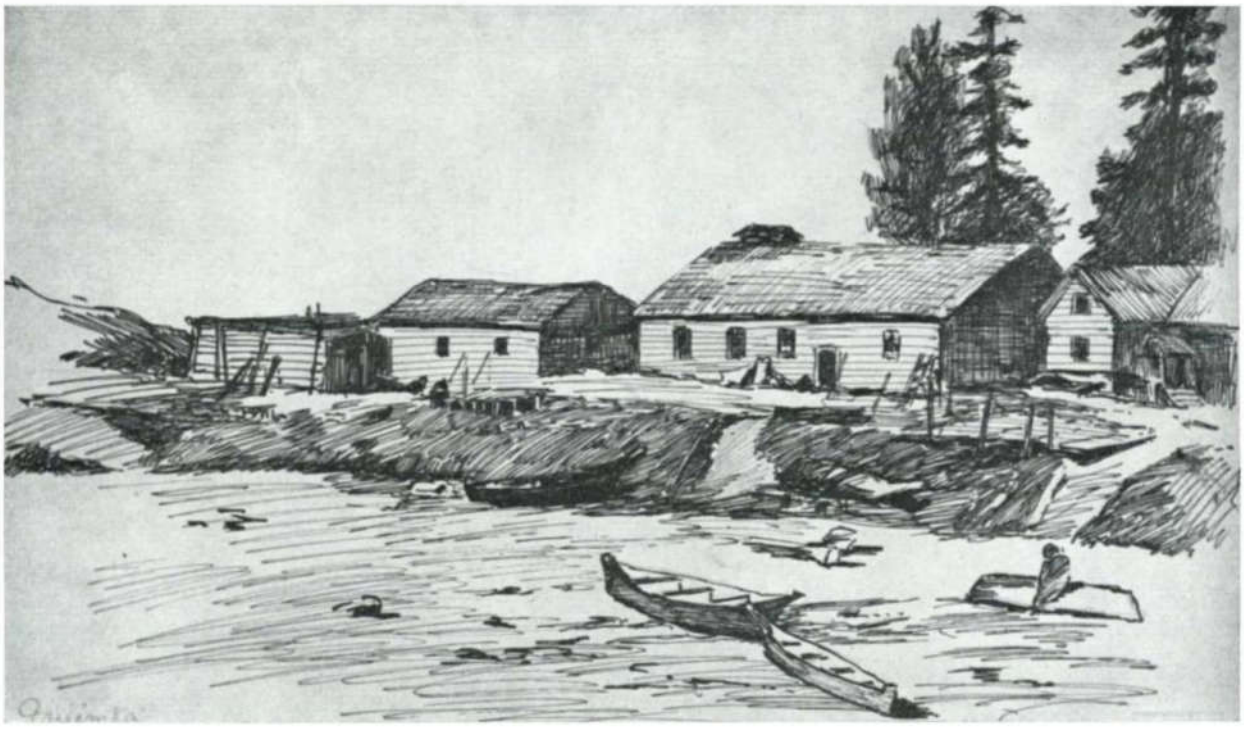
In 1942, three years before her death, Emily formed the Emily Carr Trust Collection, whereby she bequeathed over 200 examples of her finest work to the Province of British Columbia as a permanent collection, and set aside another 500 pictures to be sold to provide funds for the encouragement of young British Columbian artists. There was at that time no permanent picture gallery in Victoria, and Emily directed that the pictures should be exhibited in the Vancouver Art Gallery on certain conditions for exhibition and loans. She chose as her trustees Lawren Harris of the Group of Seven, who had inspired and encouraged her more than any other artist, Ira Dilworth, her literary executor, and Willie Newcombe, her long-time friend, tireless helper and invaluable guide in the interpretation of the deep esoteric meaning of Indian art, which was a stepping-stone to her own intense realization of the fundamental unity of all life.

Willie was not artistic in the narrow sense, but he recognized the truth and vitality of Emily's painting, its great value as a historical record, and her profound sense of the spiritual and symbolic qualities underlying Indian art. His knowledge of the Indian languages, legends and religious beliefs enriched her understanding of their art. Although entirely different in temperament, Emily and Willie shared many kindred tastes and characteristics, including the love of animals and nature in all its forms. In fact they were both great naturalists in the truest sense. Both were too individualistic to reach their true development through conventional and academic means, but both became masters in their chosen fields.

. . . . . .

The Emily Carr pictures in the Newcombe Collection are an inspiration for artists and an ethnologist's dream.

DAN'S HOUSE—QUAI-IMTA. *1898. Pen and ink. Quai-imta was the other Reserve at Ucluelet*



This collection, as a whole, has never been presented to the public, nor has it previously been described. With the exception of a few late tree studies the collection is homogeneous, being confined to Indian subjects and representing the artist's working material. Emily was in the habit of destroying work which she did not like, or which had served its purpose, and it is no doubt owing to Willie Newcombe that these drawings and paintings have been preserved. Most of them are unnamed but Willie has identified their locality, grouped and labelled them. All of them are sign-posts along the years.

Among the pictures are Emily's earliest portrayals of Indian life, done at Ucluelet before the end of the last century. There are water-colours of Sitka, of Alert Bay, and of various other villages and Indian scenes, which have great charm; a draft layout for her famous canvas of Alert Bay; and great was the surprise and delight at finding a large oil sketch of the deserted village of Yan in the Queen Charlotte Islands, which had been cut into three sections, presumably to fit a specific wall space. When reassembled, it is an unforgettable panorama of Yan as she saw it through mist and rain in 1912, and described it in *Klee Wyck*.

The collection contains superbly detailed studies of village poles which reveal the exacting labours of a great artist. Among them is a tremendous study, six feet long, of the Eagle's Nest Pole at Gitex on the Nass, which "made strong talk" to Emily, and to me as I unrolled it. On the back she noted: "Pole three times as long." There are several versions of some of her most notable canvases, and many beautifully drawn Indian designs which Emily adapted for her pottery and rugs. Among the framed pictures are the eight or nine paintings of Skeena River and Queen Charlotte Islands poles, signed and dated 1912, which Dr Newcombe purchased at Emily's exhibition in 1913.

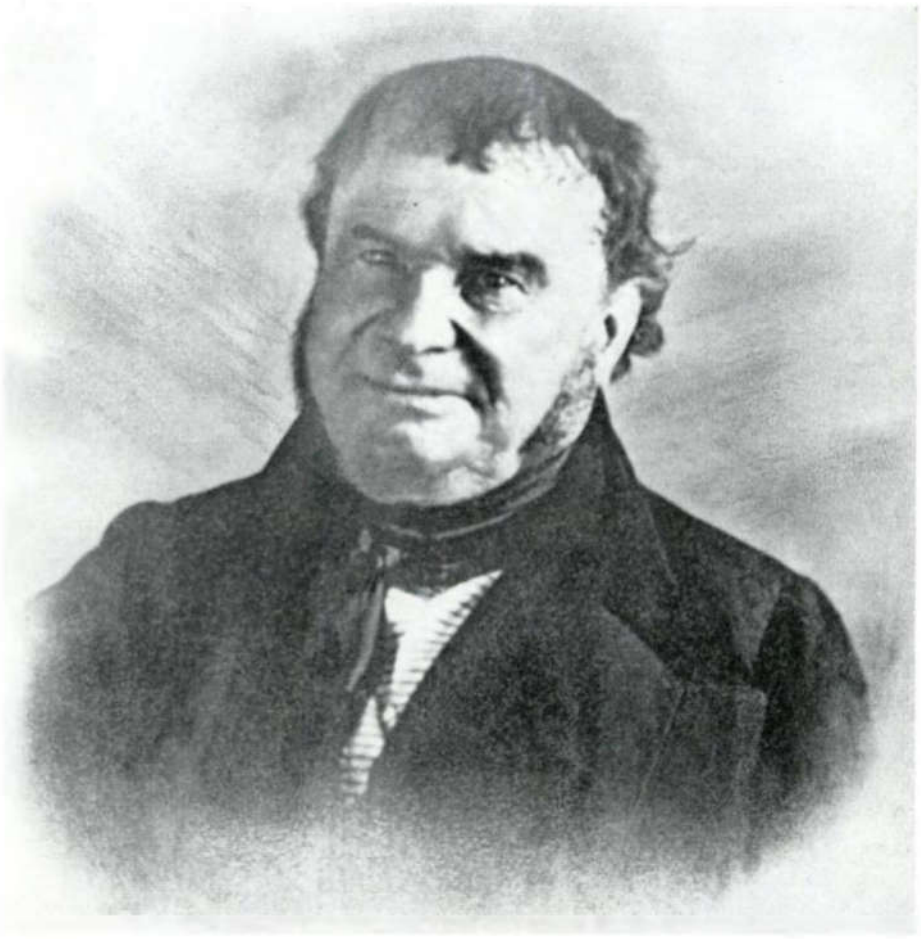
An unexpected and outstanding feature of the collection is a series of portraits of Indians, young and old, which date from her last Indian journeys and reveal her power and insight in the field of portraiture.

Finally there is the portrait in oils of Woo, Emily's pet monkey. It is one of the most delightful and inimitable treasures in this amazing revelation of Emily Carr's deep, spiritual involvement in everything she painted.

It is not by chance that these records of Emily's work are found in the Newcombe Collection, for they reflect the creative friendship which existed between two complementary personalities—Emily Carr, who has been called Canada's greatest artist, and William Newcombe, who knew more than any other living man about the life of British Columbia's forests, seas and Indian peoples. ◆

JACOB
c. 1912. Charcoal.
Emily wrote about Jacob as a coarse heavy boy who sold the family totem pole

A selection of Emily Carr's work from the Newcombe Collection is being placed on exhibition this summer in both Vancouver and Victoria by the Hudson's Bay Company with the co-operation of the B.C. Archives.



Reproduction of a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs David K. Rowand

The Portrait of Chief Factor John Rowand

By H. E. RAWLINSON

GEORGE Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land for the Hudson's Bay Company, had an unusual gift for assessing character. When he made up his secret Character Book in 1832 he wrote this description of one of the Company's officers:

"One of the most pushing bustling men in the Service whose zeal and ambition in the discharge of his duty is unequalled, rendering him totally regardless of every personal Comfort and indulgence.—Warm hearted and Friendly in an extraordinary degree where he takes a liking, but on the contrary his prejudices exceeding strong. Of a fiery disposition and bold as a Lion.—An excellent Trader who has the peculiar talent of attracting the fiercest Indians to him while he rules them with a Rod of Iron and so daring that he beards their chiefs in the open Camp while surrounded by their warriors; has likewise a Wonderful influence over his people.—Has by his superior management realized more Money for the concern than any three of his colleagues since the Coalition; and altho' his Education has been defective is a very clear headed clever fellow.—Will not tell a lie publick [which] is very uncommon in this Country but has sufficient address to evade the truth when it suits his purpose; full of drollery & humour and generally liked & respected by Indians Servants and his own equals."

The man so described was Chief Factor John Rowand and all available evidence testifies to the accuracy of Simpson's judgement.

John Rowand was born in Montreal in 1789, the son of a doctor who, after graduating in medicine from Edinburgh, came to Canada some time before 1788, the year in which he received a licence to practise in the district

Dr Rawlinson, professor of anatomy at the University of Alberta, has for many years engaged in research on Dr Alexander Rowand and his father John Rowand

of Montreal. John was only a boy of about 14 years when he entered the service of the North West Company as an apprentice. He had first-hand experience of the tumultuous years that led up to the union with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and he remained actively engaged in the business of fur trading right up to his sudden death at Fort Pitt on May 31st, 1854, at 65 years of age.

Despite the fact that he was primarily concerned in the day-to-day business of trading his life was not devoid of romantic and even dramatic episodes. His marriage to the Indian girl who saved his life; the distinguished career of one of his sons who, like his grandfather, graduated in medicine at Edinburgh, and who accompanied Sir George Simpson on his journey round the world in 1841 before settling down to practise in Quebec city; the digging up of the Chief Factor's bones at Fort Pitt a year after his death to be transported to the Red River Settlement in Sir George's canoe and there diverted to York Factory and to England because of the superstitious fears of the voyageurs, to be returned more than four years later to their final resting place in Mount Royal Cemetery in Montreal—all this and more has been treated in various accounts. (*The Beaver*, June 1935; *Alberta Historical Review*, Spring 1957; *The Honourable Company*, 1949.)

This present note has to do with the accompanying picture. Statements have been made that no likeness exists of this important figure in the fur trade of Western Canada. However, there is pictured in Morice's *Histoire de l'Eglise catholique dans l'Ouest Canadien*, published in 1912, a line cut of a head and shoulders picture labelled as that of Chief Factor John Rowand, although there is no indication of the source. Through the kindness of Mrs David K. Rowand of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and her brother-in-law, Mr R. Rowand of Houston, Texas, it has been possible to locate what is undoubtedly the original, and I am indebted to them for the copy which is reproduced here.

Mrs Rowand received the portrait from her father-in-law, John Alexander Rowand, who was the son of Dr Alexander Rowand, the Chief Factor's doctor son. Along with it she was also entrusted with some very interesting relics of the Doctor, including a beautiful glass of red embossed in gold with figures of the hunt. This was presented to him and similar ones to the other members of Sir George Simpson's party when they were in Russia on their celebrated world journey. Another link between the Doctor and the Governor which is in Mrs Rowand's possession is a set of specially initialled china made in England to Sir George's order and presented by him to Dr Alexander Rowand as a wedding present.

The original of the Chief Factor's picture is described as an old fashioned tintype in a leather case, evidently made in the early days of photography. The question of when and where it might have been made is of interest. It is clear from the records that Rowand was so much the practical fur-trader, and so much at home at Edmonton in command of the extensive and important Saskatchewan District that he had no great urge to take a furlough. However, he did eventually avail himself of this well earned privilege in 1847-48 and no doubt he spent most or all his leave in his native province of Quebec, either in his birthplace, Montreal, or in Quebec city with his son who had just moved there as Port Medical Officer. It was in the forties that Daguerre's method of taking photographs became commercially available on this side of the Atlantic and there is little doubt that in 1847 Montreal or Quebec had some practitioners of this startlingly new art. Rowand would then be about 58 years of age.

The impression given by the picture itself fits with the characteristics ascribed to Rowand. He impressed all by his fearlessness and shrewdness, and several have testified to his good humour even though it was punctuated at times by a flashing temper. Looking at his twinkling eyes one can imagine him greeting with cheery words the young Frances Simpson when she first met him at Norway House in June 1830, while on a remarkable wedding trip with her husband, the Governor. She noted her impressions of this meeting in her diary as follows:

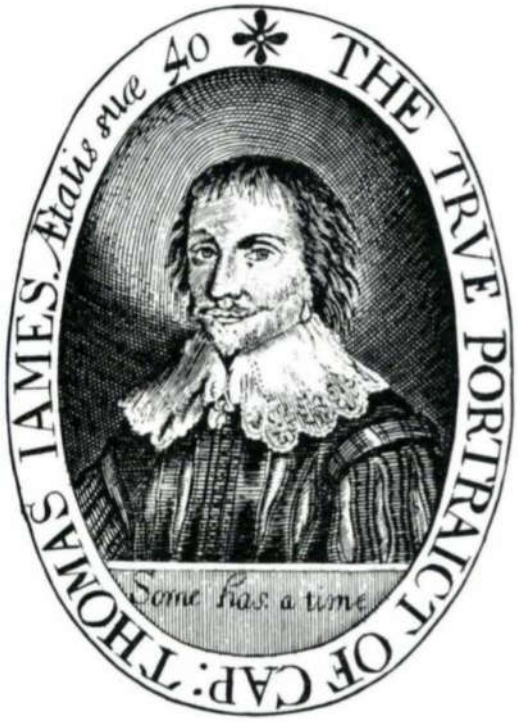
> . . . there were arrivals of Gentlemen with their Brigades from all parts of the Country, who were afterwards to proceed to York Factory, the grand Depot of the business. The largest Brigade was that of Mr. Rowand from the Saskatchawin, (one of the most attached friends Mr. Simpson has in the Country) which consisted of 21 large Boats, deeply laden with Furs, & other valuables. He is a remarkably lively good tempered Man, with a Countenance which bespeaks drollery, and good humour.

To describe Rowand as one of the most attached friends of Governor Simpson was no mere pleasantry. The two became intimate friends soon after the Coalition and the friendship grew during the remaining years so that on hearing of Rowand's death Sir George wrote:

> . . . I trust I may be permitted to record my personal tribute of regard for the memory of an old and staunch friend, from whom both in a public and a private capacity I ever received a firm and consistent support . . . he was a man of sterling integrity and a warm heart. . . .

Altogether it seems certain that the picture here reproduced is that of the man who carried a large share of the burden of the fur trade in Western Canada during its most prosperous and busy years, and who laid the foundations of greatness for the future city of Edmonton. ◆

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF



CAPTAIN JAMES

by Richard A. Belford

Mr Belford is a free-lance writer living in Cleveland, Ohio, who has a deep interest in the history of James Bay. Last year he made a trip to Charlton Island

ALL the months of planning and anticipation were a thing of the past and the real adventure had begun. I was going on one of those journeys we often dream about but so seldom realize. My dream was to explore the campsite of Captain Thomas James and now I was in a small seaplane with Charlton Island, a dark shape on the sun-flecked waters of James Bay, ahead of me.

I made a mental inventory. We had the stove, the tent, the dishes, the pots and pans, the food, the duffel, the cameras and, last but not least, Alex, my Cree Indian guide. This broad bay and these islands were his home. In a sense I was only his guest.

We glided low over Danby Island and banked sharply just beyond the shore of Charlton. In a fleeting moment I caught a glimpse of the tottering ruins of the old Hudson's Bay buildings of the Charlton depot and a flash of the deep blue lakes beyond as we slipped down to the water of the bay and nosed towards the beach.

Charlton Island has a long and interesting history. The first to write about the island was Captain Thomas James*. With his crew of twenty-one men in the vessel *Henrietta Maria* he had been sent by the Merchants of Bristol in 1631 to look for a northwest passage to China. Captain James entered Hudson Bay about the first of July that year. After an almost continuous battle with the ice, he finally worked his way down into the bay that was subsequently named for him, James Bay. It was September by then and the weather became so bad that he was forced to look for a place to winter his ship and crew. Out of necessity he chose the island which he named for the son of Charles I and there they beached their ship and built dwellings on shore. After a bitter winter of hardship during which four of his crew lost their lives, he again set sail on the first of July 1632 and reached England in the fall of that year. From about 1680 when they built a warehouse there, the Hudson's Bay Company used the island on and off as a supply depot for the James Bay area, an activity that was abandoned in 1932 when the railroad was completed to Moosonee. On Charlton, too, the Hudson's Bay Company established the first beaver preserve in 1839.

My first impression of the island was that it was bright and sunny with broad expanses of sand. The wide beach with its fine, white sand ran like a boulevard as far as I was able to see in either direction. Here and there, the bush marched boldly down to the edge of the bay and then stopped abruptly about thirty feet from the water to permit the beach to pass. To my right on a hill stood the old deserted Hudson's Bay Company buildings, wracked and tortured by the elements, standing guard like gaunt

*See the *Beaver*, September 1944.

sentinels over the channel between Danby and Charlton Islands.

I had come a thousand miles to visit the campsite of a man who had been there over three hundred years ago, and I was anxious to try out the "guidebook" that he had unwittingly written to that corner of the world. The urgency of pots and pans and camping equipment had caused me to leave my copy of James's explorations at home, but I had pored over its contents so assiduously that I had committed the landmarks to memory. Now that I was here at last, I could hardly wait to begin my exploration. But the time was not yet. My guide was a very practical man and our first duty was to pitch camp and make the lunch, for it was well after midday.

Directly after lunch we set out to check the landmarks of James's ancient book. In looking about the land adjoining our campsite I noticed that the area was rimmed to the north and west by an inverted L-shaped ridge or slight rise in the land. I recalled that James spoke of a "Watch-Tree" which was "on the eminentest Place of the island" commanding a view of the sea. From our camp, which was in the general location of James's own camp, there appeared to be no high hill but there was one rise in the ridge which surrounded us that was slightly higher than the rest. Towards that we made our way. As we approached this high point of land, it became evident that it was not part of the ridge but a separate hill. Though apparently not high, it was a fairly steep, sandy hill.

The loose sand rolled beneath our feet as we waded up the path to its summit. Once at the top, I realized that this must have been the Watch-Tree hill to which Captain James made reference. It is the only hill in the area that thrusts above the others. From a distance it looks like a bump on the landscape, but from its summit the land falls steeply away on all sides and presents a panoramic view of the island and the broad expanse of the bay.

The top of the hill, like the rest of the landscape, is sandy and covered with dried grass and moss. There are no tall trees on it today, as in James's time, only stunted poplar and a variety of underbrush. Of all the landmarks Captain James mentions in his book this appeared to be the most authentic.

On the summit of this hill Captain James set his signal fires in the hope of contacting the Indians for the purpose of learning more about the country. Though the smoke of his fires may have been observed they were never answered, and in the nine months he spent upon the island he never saw any natives.

It was on this hill that one of the signal fires, fanned by the wind, set fire to the entire island. Captain James had climbed his Watch-Tree, but on seeing the spreading fire, hurried to descend. Before he could reach the ground the blaze flared up so furiously about the tree that he was forced to jump for his life. He landed on the steep hillside and tumbled to the bottom, safe and unharmed. When the wind shifted the following day, the fire burnt

The Charlton Island depot of the H B C in the early decades of this century showing, at the end of the jetty, the warehouse where cargo from the supply ship was stored, farther right the fur warehouse and provision store, and the office and living quarters. In the author's photo on the right are the derelict buildings as they looked in 1961

down their buildings but not before they had been able to rescue their provisions and belongings and carry them to the safety of the beach.

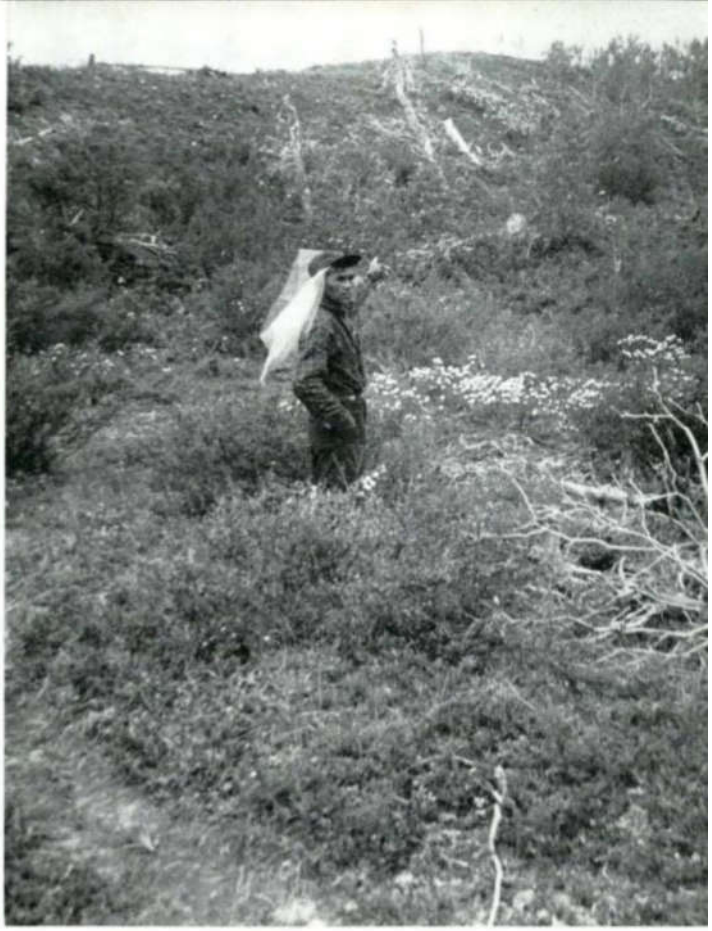
During our visit, we, too, had a fire on the island. Probably ignited by lightning, it raged many miles inland to the west of our camp. The sight of the smoke in the distance was a grim reminder of James's experience.

From a historical standpoint, the most important hill mentioned in Captain James's chronicle is the one on which his three crewmen were buried. (The fourth was drowned under the ice on one of the Charlton Island lakes and the body was never recovered.) Tombs of stones and a cross marked the spot. To the cross was fastened a written record of the voyage and declaration of possession of the territory encased in lead. To this day there is no record of the cross, the leaden package or the tombs ever having been found. James refers to the burial place as the top of a "bare sandy Hill." Such a hill exists to the west of the Hudson's Bay Company buildings but unlike

The author's camp on Charlton Island and part of the bay where the "Henrietta Maria" must have lain

the Watch-Tree hill covers a considerable area and is more of a high ridge than an individual hill. Since it is the only other hill in the vicinity, it is undoubtedly the burial place.

We next set out to find Captain James's spring. In the section of his book dealing with the winter camp the Captain mentions how they obtained their fresh water. He says, "When I landed first upon this Island, I found a Spring under a Hills' side; which I then observing, had caused some Trees to be cut for Marks to know the Place again by. It was about three quarters of a Mile from our House. I sent three of our Men which had been formerly with me, thither upon the 24th [December 1631].



Alex points to the path leading to the top of "Watch Tree" hill

These wadeing thorow the Snow, at last found the place, and shoveling away the Snow, they made way to the very head of it. They found it spring very strongly, and brought me a Can of it, for which I was right joyful. This Spring continued all the year, and did not freeze, but that we could break the Ice and come to it."

When I arrived on the island, I asked my guide if there were any springs in the vicinity of the depot, but he knew of none. *However, on our walk along the beach to the south of our camp we came upon a stream flowing into the bay out of a dense thicket on the shore. At the edge of the bush this little stream poured over a diminutive waterfall into a naturally-formed rock garden and from there to the beach. The dense bush did not encourage us to follow it to its source, but I filled my cup and drank a toast to Captain James with the coolest, clearest spring water I have ever tasted. This stream like James's spring was located about three quarters of a mile from our camp at the depot.

At this point I had exhausted all of my physical landmarks except one. That was the location of Charlton Island. By Captain James's own calculations the island is at 52 degrees latitude and on a second attempt he puts it at 52 degrees 3 minutes. Actually the site of the Charlton Island depot is 51 degrees and 58 minutes. The island on the eastern side covers a latitude of about 51

*There was in fact a spring well in use near the warehouse early this century.

degrees 56 minutes to 52 degrees 3 minutes. This leaves a latitude of about seven miles so that the wintering camp of the James expedition might have been any one of a dozen spots along the eastern shore of Charlton Island.

It has been generally accepted that the Charlton Island depot was in the immediate vicinity of the James camp. This assumption was based mainly on the fact that the shore at the depot offered the only suitable anchorage where ships could approach the land. Though it was a poor harbour at best and completely unsheltered it was the only one available. On July 2nd of 1632 when James set sail from Charlton he says: "The Wind at North West, bad to get away. Wherefore we stood over to Danby Island, to take in more Wood." Danby Island is directly across from the depot and a wind from the northwest would have taken them there in a matter of minutes.

While James's calculations of latitude leave something to be desired in fixing the exact position of his camp, they nevertheless fix Charlton as the place where he wintered.

My own explorations on Charlton Island now came to a close. I was satisfied that I had visited the campsite of Captain James and his heroic crew. The remaining three days of my visit were devoted to hiking, canoeing and fishing, and I left with the hope that I might return to enjoy more of this unspoiled wilderness.

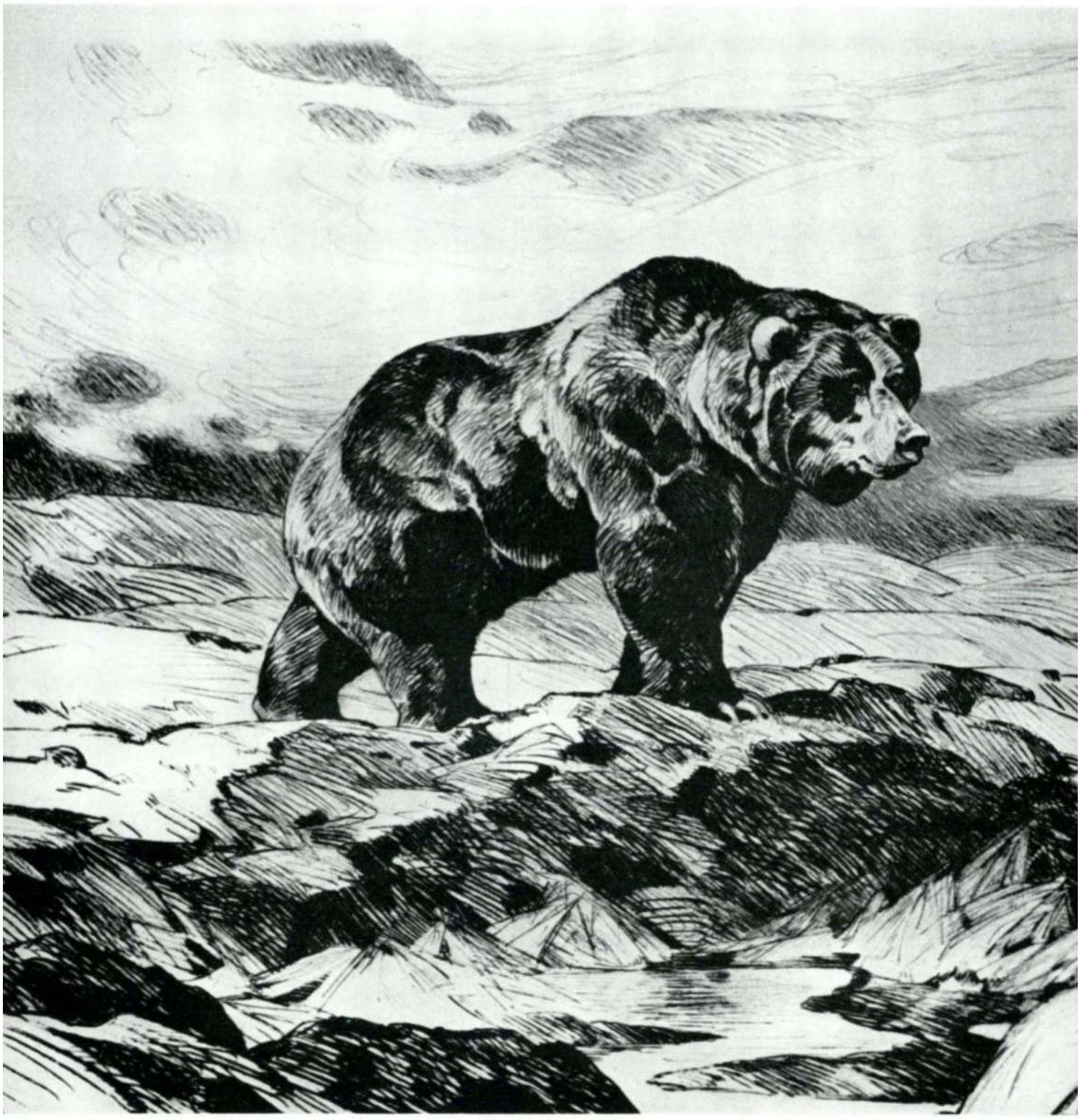
For those who have read the chronicle of James's sojourn on this barren and lonely island in that great bay which now bears his name, Charlton Island will always be a symbol of heroism in the face of the relentless forces of nature. By modern standards, the *Henrietta Maria* expedition was ill-equipped for wintering in this sub-arctic climate, yet the integrity and loyalty that the men displayed is one of the glorious chapters of exploration.

I am sure when Captain James wrote after his last visit to the cross on the hill, "we presently took Boat and departed, and never put foot more on that Island," neither he nor his crew had any desire ever to return. Their stay had been a bitter and sad experience. They left the island with high hopes for the future, for they still thought of discovering the North West Passage, but once again their plans were thwarted and their old enemies the ice and the cold forced them to turn back and set their course for England. To all appearances this was another unsuccessful expedition.

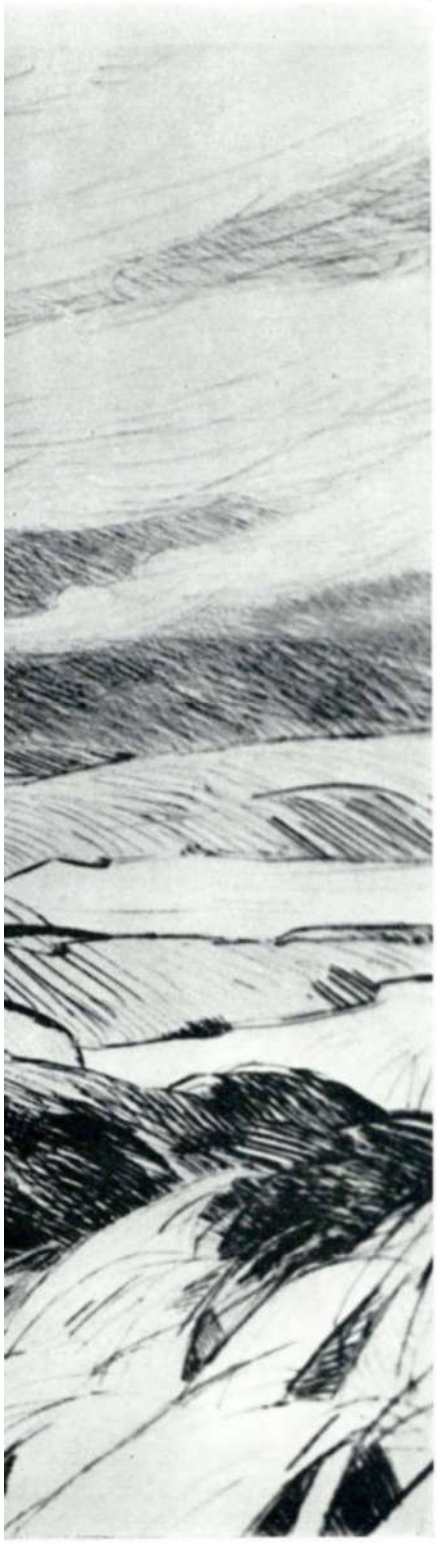
But who can say that the James expedition was not a success? Sent by the Company of Merchant Venturers of the City of Bristol, with the approval of Charles I, for the purpose of finding a northwest passage to China and the South Seas, Thomas James unknowingly discovered a trading area which was, years later, to rival the possibilities of the Far East. To this day increasing treasures are being found in this fabulous land to the north. ◆

The stream from Captain James's spring, flowing from the thicket

Photographs on these pages by the author



Grizzly—from an etching by Carl Rungius in the collection of the Glenbow Foundation



The Bears that Killed the Buffalo

BY JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

Mr Gillese is an Alberta writer and editor with a particular interest in natural history

ONE spring day in 1950, a 25-year-old student zoologist, A. F. (Al) Oeming of Edmonton, worked his way up Goose Mountain, in the heart of Alberta's remote Swan Hills that rise south of Lesser Slave Lake.

Unfit for farming, unbroken by roads, virtually unravished by drilling rigs then, the oil-rich hills, 150 miles northwest of Alberta's capital city, sparkled in unspoilt glory. Little creeks leapt in the sunshine, losing themselves beneath deadfalls and down gullies. Here and there a patch of shrunken snow still showed. Leagues of lodgepole pine soughed under the soft winds blowing over the passes to the west.

Well up the mountain, Oeming spotted the rake-mark slashed high on a sap-yellowed pine. A hump-shouldered king had stood there, bellowing his challenge across the face of the mountain. That overlord of the hills, Al Oeming was pretty sure, was a descendant of the great grizzlies that once clubbed down the buffalo bulls on the plains.

Gaining a ridge on Goose Mountain, the young zoologist turned his glasses on "the Valley of the Giants" below. A black spot moved across the lenses—a bear, not long from its snow-sealed den, digging for the bulbs its shrunken stomach craved.

"If I live to be an old man," Al recalls, "I shall remember the thrill of that moment. I wasn't just looking at another bear. That was my first glimpse of a live Swan Hills grizzly. . . ."

To wildlife lovers, the Swan Hills grizzlies are not just the last race of inland grizzlies in the world. It seems almost certain they belong to the

great breed science thought extinct for over 60 years—the breed that belongs with the legends of Tail Creek Town, the buffalo hunters, and the closing chapters of frontier life in the Canadian west.

Hunters by choice, carrying .28-bore guns, men like the Testawits brothers were among the last ever to encounter the great plains grizzlies face-to-face and know them for what they were. Seventy-some years ago, lying atop a butte somewhere on what is now the Saskatchewan prairies, they were witnesses of the size, sagacity and strength of the disappearing giants. Below them, that autumn day, was an alkaline buffalo wallow, fringed with knee-high prairie wool*, and a small herd of bison that stood stock-still, alert, black heads hunched towards

"The King of Goose Mountain" was shot by oil workers in 1959 *Oeming*

Eight-inch-wide front paw of a Swan Hills grizzly beside man's hand *Eben*

the slanting sun. West of the wallow was a shallow incline—more grizzly-trail than coulee. Twice that week the hunters had glimpsed the chocolate-shouldered user shuffling hopefully along it. Twice the wary old bulls had sent the short-tailed "prairie cattle" thundering into the dusty distance.

Like all the Métis, trappers and frontiersmen, the Testawits hunted buffalo. But the little herd could wait—bait for the big, brown-shouldered grizzly, the biggest the Testawits had ever seen. Without warning, the buffalo grass parted—*behind* the transfixed herd. With one paralyzing bellow, the great grizzly closed the distance between himself and the stampeding herd. The change in tactics was enough. In a frenzy of fear, a big bull turned. The grizzly rose. A sledgehammer paw descended—once. The bull fell, paralyzed by a single blow.

As the dust settled, the Testawits lifted their guns. With a sixth-sense beyond belief, the bear wheeled to face the butte—then, in the same motion, dropped behind the buffalo carcass. Seconds later, the prairie wool had swallowed him.

With the optimism of their breed, the Testawits decided to try traps. Their favourite was the No. 6 great bear trap, 40 pounds in weight, with 16-inch spiked jaws. An 80-pound "dog" of heavy wood was added to keep a trapped bear from dragging it too far. But when spring came and the brothers made their way to the Métis gathering place that was called Tail Creek Town, the giant brown pelt was not piled on their creaking fur-wagons.

"Mebbe just as well," they could remark, amid the music and merry-making at Tail Creek. "By gar, mebbe he fool us like he fool d'ose buffalo, heh? We watch one way. Poof! He come up the other way!"

* A mixture of grama, bluestem and other grasses, native forage of the southern plains.

They probably concluded some other hunter got the giant, for in that era bear-hunting on the great plains was both profitable and exciting. "Loners," like Johnny Bourassa, who also favoured the .28-bore, hunted grizzlies even on the North Saskatchewan, Athabasca, Slave and Peace Rivers. Suddenly, at least where the plains were concerned, they were gone.

Wildlife scientists—the first to realize fully how regrettable was Canada's unique wildlife loss—concluded that the Big Plains Grizzly, *Ursus horribilis horribilis*, greatest of the plains grizzlies, had passed from the scene forever, along with the Testawits, the buffalo, and even

The record skull of the grizzly shot by Bella Twin in 1953 *Engler*

Tail Creek Town itself. That colourful half-breed hunting "capital" once stood near present-day Stettler, Alberta. Obliterated by fire in 1878, only forty unmarked graves remain as a reminder of the times when a thousand people might gather at the log cabins of Tail Creek before going on the plains to hunt, or return to tell of their exploits. There, Mrs. Victoria Callihoo (now past the century-mark and still resident of Alberta) danced from dusk to dawn and, as a girl of 14, twice won prizes for her rendition of the Red River Jig. There, the fun-filled nights rang to the tales of men like Abraham Salois, who killed a record 600 buffalo in a single season (37 in one run) and Gabriel Dumont, Riel's right-hand man, who gambled recklessly with the fortunes he earned as one of the great scouts and hunters of the west. There, the Testawits boys told their tales of the huge grizzlies.

The scientists were left to draw the best picture they could from such tales, a few skulls in the National Museum, and other references by more learned men than the Testawits. They wound up with a picture of a bear "that walked like man"; that, skinned, looked frighteningly like a huge human carcass, especially where the "hands" were concerned; that actually had the ability to plan intelligently and act accordingly.

Henry Kelsey, exploring inland for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1690 and '91, travelled to the prairies and was the first white man to see the "buffillo" and to record a description of the great grizzly whose food supply was these same bison. He was neither the first nor last, however, to make mention of the legendary bear.

Claude Jean Allouez, S.J., in his "Mission To the Kilistinons" (Cree) in 1666 tells of an Indian "nation" north of the Assiniboine "who eat human beings and live on raw fish, but these people, in turn, are eaten by bears of frightful size"—grizzlies, says the editor of the Journals, Dr. Louise P. Kellogg. (Inland grizzlies, indeed.)

The Jesuit Father, Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix, in Canada in the early 18th century, described dances, performed with all the ceremony of war, by Indian braves who held the fearsome plains bear in almost supernatural esteem. These dances were performed prior to the braves engaging in actual bear hunts.

Such intrepid adventurers as Samuel Hearne and Baron Lahontan added to the lore. Hearne made particular mention of a spot he saw in July 1771 called "Grizzled Bear Hill; which takes its name from the number of those animals that are frequently known to resort thither for the purpose of bringing forth their young in a cave that is found there." (The preference of such barren ground grizzlies for such a hill assumes added significance in view of Oeming's hunt for grizzlies in the remote hills of interior northwestern Alberta.)

Evidence of great strength, cunning and ferocity came from all who encountered them. "The Reddish Bears are mischevous creatures," recorded Lahontan, "for they fall fiercely upon the Huntsmen." Certain explorers, or members of their parties, were "seized" or ambushed by the giants. Umfreville recorded "numbers of maimed Indians to be seen . . . a melancholy proof of their power over the human spirit." And Lewis and Clark, scientists themselves, corroborated commonplace tales of the unlettered frontiersmen regarding the incredible power and endurance of *Ursus horribilis horribilis*.

Under date of 11 May 1805, their Journals tell of one of their party shooting a bear through the lungs. Rearing on its hind feet, it pursued the hunter half a mile. Then—and this is in keeping with similar accounts of the Big Plains Grizzly—the wounded bear retreated a mile, dug a bed in the earth two feet deep and five feet long, lay down in it and covered its bleeding chest with mud.

"The wonderful powers of life which these animals possess renders them dreadful," recorded Lewis and Clark

"We would rather encounter two Indians than meet a single brown bear."

The tracks of that particular grizzly were eleven inches long, seven and one-quarter inches wide—a true descendant of a Pleistocene ancestor, whose kind stood as high as twelve feet.

Chance, circumstances and a keen interest in all Canadian wildlife were combined in Al Oeming's "discovery" of the bears believed extinct. Known today for his unique Alberta Game Farm, Oeming began his colourful career as a naturalist as a student and protégé of the late William Rowan*, world-famed for his experiments in bird migration. Al was helping Rowan round up rabbits for research on "the ten-year cycle," when he first became intrigued by reports of bigger-than-average grizzlies wandering the bush-country between Whitecourt (the end of steel, 110 miles northwest of Edmonton) and the shores of Lesser Slave Lake. In Oeming's analytical mind, the stories began to add up to an exciting possibility.

Edmonton taxidermist Albert Wolf, for example, mentioned that every "really big" grizzly he had ever handled came from that northwest interior.

Then there was "Dynamite"—star grizzly attraction in the Calgary Zoo—whose tongue was nipped off, early in life, by a lion in an adjoining cage. Much more interesting, to Al's way of thinking, was the bear's life story. As a cub, Dynamite wandered out of the bush south of Slave Lake, up to the door of homesteader John Auckenreimer. Raised as a household pet, it soon followed Auckenreimer to town; soon it was providing great sport by wrestling humans (invariably winning) in the fishing village of Canyon Creek; and though invariably good-natured, it kept right on growing—till apprehensive neighbours persuaded Auckenreimer to donate it to the Zoo. Its size alone made Dynamite outstanding.

The farther north from Edmonton Oeming travelled, the more he discovered these bears were taken for granted. "They're grizzlies!" people would say, unaware that there were some 80 species and subspecies of grizzly on this continent at one time, and that size alone was not the distinguishing characteristic.

"There's a lot of them in the hills back there," others would add. "You don't see 'em often, but they're there. All big!"

Reinhold Eben of Slave Lake, long-time outfitter and guide, reckoned there might be 400 in all, wandering over 4,000 square miles or more of remote grizzly range. In 1944 the guide himself had shot a record-breaker. Its skull measured $16\frac{8}{16}$ inches long, 9 inches in width—the third largest in North America. The first grizzly ever taken from the remote valley that back-country guides call "The Valley of the Giants," deep in the Swan Hills, Eben's bear was a trophy that, even in death, mounted in Eben's den, seems unbelievable. Few guides have ever trailed and stalked such a grizzly with success. It took Eben almost ten years.

Oeming, already corresponding with scientists round the world, travelling thousands of miles to find two nests of the rare Great Grey Owl, training falcons, teaching ravens to count, banding snowy owls, promoting wrestling (to finance his wildlife work) gazed on that lordly specimen and became obsessed with a dream that startled even the imperturbable Rowan. He would go into the back-country, find those bears—and live-trap at least some of them for study.

He made his first exploratory trip in the spring of 1947, penetrating the outskirts of the almost inaccessible Swan Hills country. The highway that now traverses the region faded into logging trails just beyond the lumber town of Whitecourt. (The present scenic "cut-off" to Valleyview and the South Peace still had to be constructed.) Trappers at mid-way Iosegun Lake used dog-teams to travel for their mail and supplies either to Whitecourt or Valleyview. Oeming talked to trappers and Indians and went back a year later, then again in 1949, familiarizing himself with the trails the fur-traders used. Lumberjacks and wildcatting oilmen listened to his stories and became volunteer "scouts." He rode by jeep, and where jeeps could not go, he went on foot. (Later he had the help of an oil-crew's bombardier to transport his great culvert-like traps across the muskeg bottoms and valleys.)

He saw none of the wary grizzlies. As Al will tell you, "They are so wise no one ever hunts them down. Those

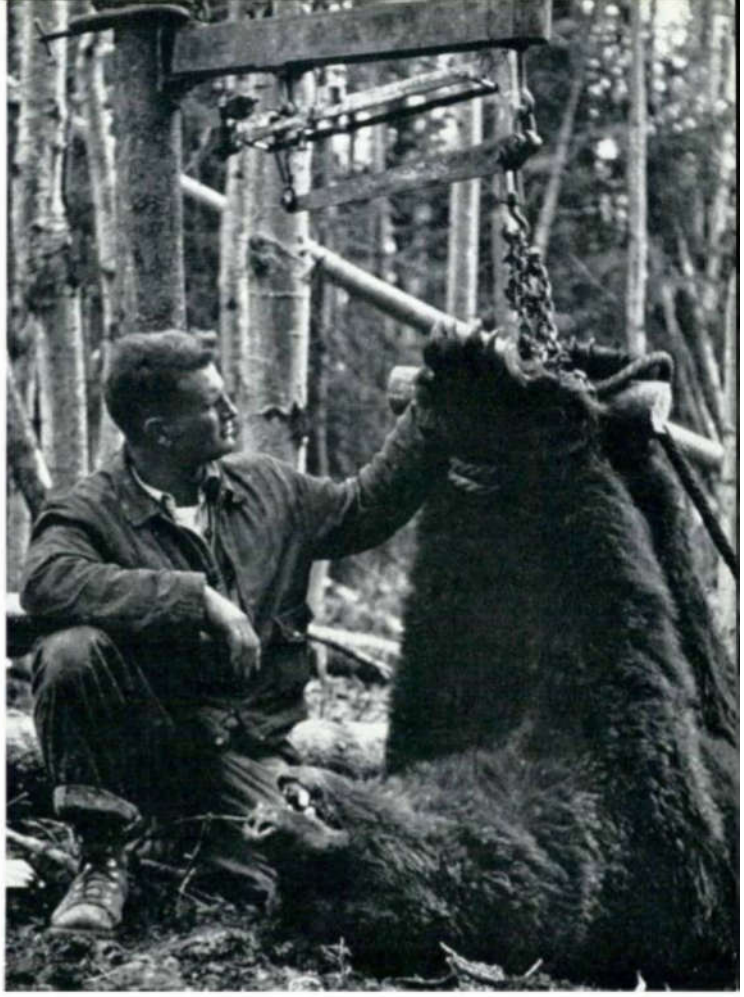
* *Bearer*, Autumn 1958.

that are shot are either stumbled upon, by accident, or 'expected' at some garbage dump, where they have grown used to coming to feed."

He did see big-belled bull moose standing unafraid in brown slough waters. He saw otters playing on the creeks that empty out of Iosegun. He saw countless red squirrels playing in miles of age-old spruce where, quite literally, they had never seen men before. Surveyors' maps of Alberta show terrain like this completely unsurveyed. Finally, in 1950, he stood on the pinnacle of Goose Mountain, on one of the highest ridges between Labrador and the Rockies, and on the valley floor saw his first live Swan Hills grizzly.

Al's theory was simple. *Ursus horribilis horribilis*, as sagacious as he was terrible, had faced extinction as much from the disappearance of his native food supply as from the guns and traps of the frontiersmen. Was it not reasonable to conclude that the solitude-loving grizzlies had followed the last of the bison, hiding themselves in the hills where few men ever ventured? Could it not have been their kind Bourassa bagged on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, Athabasca, Slave and Peace? Were these exiles from the plains among the huge grizzlies Captain Gullion pointed out to passengers of the H B C stern-wheeler, *Peace River*, when as many as seventy grizzlies were seen on the four-day trip upriver?

On a slushy spring day in 1953, a 67-year-old Cree, Mrs. Bella Twin, renewed Oeming's determination to find some of the answers. Poking along her trapline in the back-country of the giants, Bella surprised one of the giants in person—a monstrous grizzly that reared on the trail in front of her. With a detachment no well-armed white hunter will ever be likely to equal, Mrs. Twin placed seven .22 slugs in a neat circle in the giant's brain. His skull (figures verified by the Boone and Crockett Club) measured $16\frac{10}{16}$ by $9\frac{11}{16}$ inches. Mrs. Twin had shot, as far as official records show, the world's greatest grizzly!



Al Oeming examines a drugged bear live-trapped in the Swan Hills that weighed 830 pounds

By now, Al Oeming had exchanged a considerable amount of correspondence with the curator of mammals at the National Museum, Dr. Austin Cameron. Comparing skull sizes, uniformity and structure, Oeming was convinced the Swan Hills grizzlies had to be a breed apart—true remnants of the great plains bears. With the Swan Hills opening up rapidly to the oilmen, he was determined to live-trap and handle at least a few of that majestic breed.

The people of Whitecourt and Fort Assiniboine still recall the day his "train" of bait moved slowly through the streets of those towns.

"It consisted of six huge, and very dead, Herefords," recalls Al, "that, in plain language, stank to high heaven! The job of getting it into those hills was formidable. Then all that happened was that, from miles around, black bears came to feast! The grizzlies wouldn't come near it!"

'ly-spray guns loaded with ether (left) put a grizzly o sleep in the culvert-like trap (above) shown by Hans essen, a volunteer helper *Oeming*

A healthy specimen of a grizzly in captivity, photographed at the Winnipeg Zoo

They, as he found so often since, preferred leftovers from human tables: rotten potatoes, old grapes, apple peelings—in short, high-class cosmopolitan garbage! Workers invading the Swan Hills, young and unaware of the significance of the curious grizzlies, were shooting the great beasts as they pawed through even the smelly oil cans of the garbage dumps.

One—Al still calls him "the King of Goose Mountain"—was shot as recently as 10 May 1959. Though in a state of decomposition when Oeming reached him, the zoologist estimated "the King" weighed at least 1,000 pounds and his skull-size was "beyond belief". Another—the fifth largest ever recorded in Canada—wandered forth from the legendary Valley of the Giants and was killed near Swanson's Lumber Camp No. 7, as he, too, approached to feed at the dump. "His claws," says Oeming, "measured 6¼ inches in length—and only on the great plains grizzly were claws of this length seen." By tragic coincidence, this giant perished in the same month as the King of Goose Mountain.

Oeming's capture of a female grizzly and cub, on Deep Valley Creek west of the Little Smoky River, took place about 5 a.m. in the morning mist of 20 May 1956. The sow, with twins, approached the steel-drum trap that was 600 pounds in weight, eight feet long and three feet high. Al had six such traps set that spring, each punctured with air holes, each with a baited, trigger-like mechanism that dropped a heavy steel door.

Traps could easily be rendered inoperative in the hope that bears would become accustomed to them. Those "on the ready" had to be watched. Often, they first lured greedy black bears. To get rid of these unwanted customers, Al's advice was simple. "Stand in front of the door, legs well apart. Lift the lid quickly and the bear will vamoose!" One eager volunteer, an old-time trapper named Hans Jessen, miscued on his first performance and the bolting black bear carried him literally bear-back for 65 feet before bucking him off. Then and there, Hans resigned from the job of opening any more doors.

That morning near the Little Smoky, however, the grizzly and cubs were the first visitors, emerging silently from the bushes while Al and his helpers waited patiently in an oilmen's shack. Like all her breed, the old sow was wary. Dawn was near before she sniffed the bait, then cautiously entered the steel drum. Al Oeming watching from the bunk-house, held his breath. Then, in the mist, he saw her backing out again, warned by some sixth sense.

The little she-cub was not so wise; beside that huge mother, nothing had ever dared to frighten her before.

Bounding from the mother's flank, she entered the "culvert," reached for the smoked pig-jowl saturated with syrup that was the bait. The steel door slammed down. In the moments that followed, Al Oeming gained more insight into the legendary courage and family loyalty of the grizzly than he ever had from all his reading.

At the first almost-human cry of "Mam-ah!" the sow grizzly, in one bound, was as close as she could get to the trapped and crying cub. It took her less than a second to size up the situation and sense the danger. Without a sound, she locked her heavy arms around the steel culvert and tried to carry it, then push it away. It was too heavy. With the first bleat of terror, too, the trapped cub's twin brother had likewise bounded to the proximity of his frightened sister. While the mother strained to lift the huge trap, he hunkered alongside the air-holes, trying to peek in as if to comfort the crying little she-bear.

The mother tried rocking the trap, but the zoologist had weighted it against such an eventuality. But the sow-bear and her son sensed now that danger was all round them. In keeping with the legends of the bears that could think like men, the great grizzly looked apprehensively towards the oil-camp. "She knew," says Al, "that danger lurked *there*—but she would not leave." Experts say no one has ever taken a grizzly cub without first having to kill the mother.

It took a rifle-shot to scare her and the obedient male cub back into the shadows of the bush. Al is certain she was simply looking for a spot to ambush the men when, without warning, her bellow of rage rent the air. She had chosen the second trap—and sprung it on herself!

Al had a spray-gun and a plentiful supply of ether—the only practical tools he could think of for putting grizzlies to sleep, without harm either to them or their temporary custodians. The little cub went "out" quickly, but it took 2½ pounds of ether to still the huge mother. Despite the speed with which Al and his assistants worked, the great sledgehammer paws were lacerated and her gums were bleeding. (Al's great fear was that a trapped bear would injure valuable teeth in the battle for freedom. His other fear—that one of his helpers might get injured—has been responsible for one strictly enforced law where live-trapping grizzlies is concerned. Al Oeming opens the steel door first.) As the men dragged forth the inert bulk of the sow, to ear-tag and otherwise examine her, the forgotten member of the trio—the little male cub—re-entered the picture.

"With a display of courage I'll never forget," says Al Oeming, "he came charging at us in fury! He should have been scared out of his wits, but again and again he came charging in till at last, too little, too confused, and too tired, he gave up and faded into the bush—bleating and crying his heart out for the mother and sister he thought he would never see again."

Rain, and a female grizzly fighting her way drunkenly back to consciousness, wrote an end to the morning drama. For the first time in history, a grizzly bear had been live-trapped and tagged. Somewhere in the dripping hills, two cubs and their great mother rejoined one another, free to go their own way again.

Al had preached—and continues to preach—understanding and tolerance of the great grizzlies, with such conviction that today the Alberta Government has closed 10,000 square miles of that back-country to bear-hunting of any kind.

Long before he had ever seen a live Swan Hills grizzly, Oeming had become aware of more of their habits than perhaps any other man. He knows, for example, that they "go out to pasture" each spring, consuming acres of grasses. He believes, like Eben, that the old males den up for very brief periods during the winter, and that a Swan Hills grizzly is probably only in his prime at 50. He admires the close bond of the family: the obedience of the cubs . . . the way they "tree" when the mother orders, staying there till she returns; until that time when, as two-year-olds, they are treed for the last time . . . because she never returns, and hunger, mixed with loneliness, brings them down, "grown-up" bears that must now fend for themselves.

Such titbits are only incidental to the study Al Oeming, M.Sc., F.Z.S., continues to make of the majestic bears. Since 1947 he has not missed a spring trip to the Swan Hills seeking to trap, study, and release the grizzlies he loves. To him it is like going home. ◆

Reinhold Eben and the grizzly he took in 1944 from the Valley of the Giants *Engler*

TRAINING ESKIMO MECHA

ELEVEN "quiet little gentlemen" from Canada's northland are charming the staid old military town of Kingston, Ontario, out of its ivy-covered towers. This was how a city storekeeper referred to the young Eskimo men who have come from the Arctic to learn power plant operation.

Most of the students are school caretakers from settlements scattered between Perry River and Ivuyivik. They will go home trained to operate diesel lighting and heating plants in the school buildings. But these northern citizens are doing more than learning the operation and maintenance of diesel engines. They are proving excellent emissaries of a Canadian ethnic group the rest of the country has too long held in wonder and incertitude.

The four-month course, being conducted at the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers School by the Canadian Army under the auspices of Northern Affairs, allows plenty of time for recreation and sightseeing. It is during this free time that the Eskimos are making their mark in the city.

The first two courses posed teaching and morale problems because the students spoke a variety of dialects and few understood English. Greater attention was paid to aptitude in selecting the present group and most can speak English. Simon Iyerak of Pelly Bay who was on the second course has returned to act as interpreter and pick up further education. Able to mix with people, these students are not lonely, and they learn faster.

While attending the course the Eskimos live in Army quarters, eat army rations, and have full privileges of canteens, movies and recreation facilities. But they are not subject to army discipline.

Course instructors deny that Eskimos have an uncanny aptitude for mechanics and say they are no better and no worse than any other mechanics pupils of equal educational standard. But all hands at the school agree that few of their white pupils have as much zest for living and fun as have the Eskimos.

Undoubtedly these Eskimos will go home better equipped to join in and foster the development of their beloved Arctic. ◆

Tommy Kolaohok of Perry River learns machine drilling

Eskimo students visit old Fort Henry in Kingston

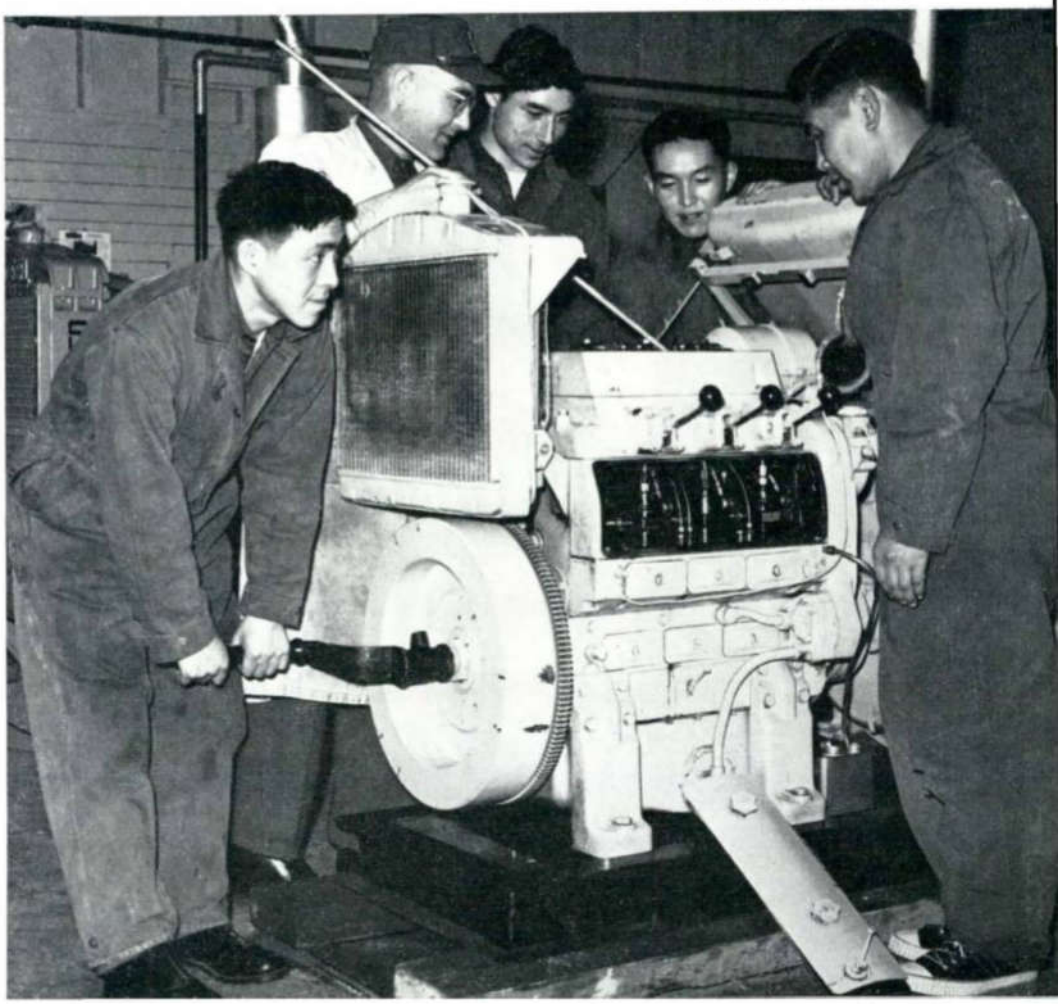
NICS

BY J. A. McPHEE, Captain, Canadian Army Eastern Ontario Headquarters

National Defence photos

Simon Iyerak of Pelly Bay sees compass deflected

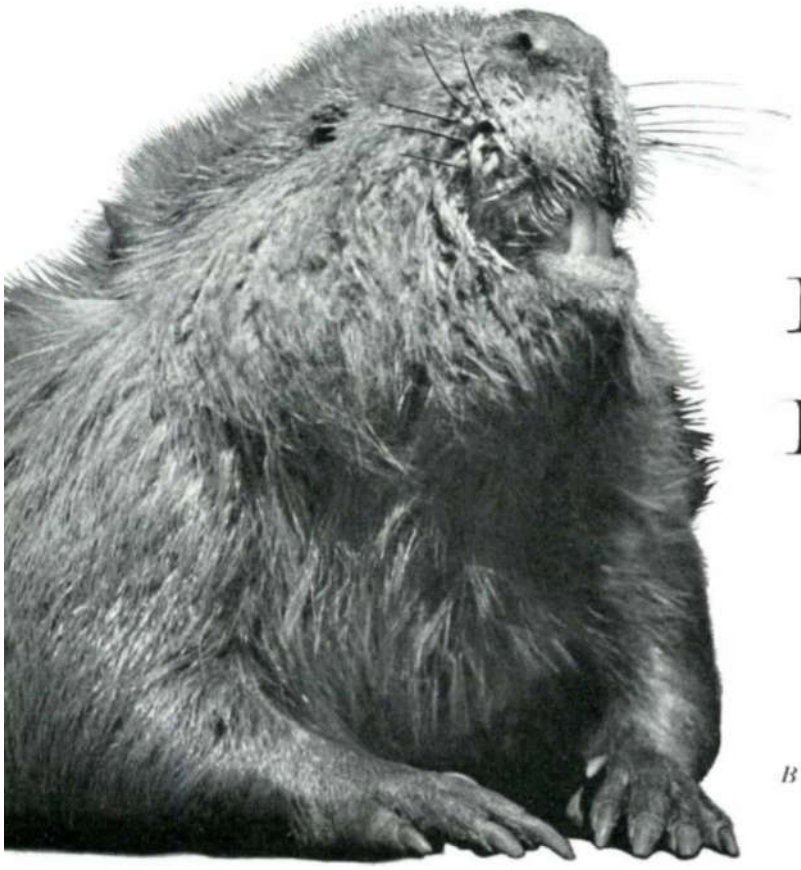
Making a square with a compass is Jacobie Jako



Above: while one cranks, other students study the action of the valves. With Sgt Lovell are Jako of Padloping Island, cranking, Peter Audlolook of Ivuyivik, Walter Oadla of Great Whale River, and Tommy Kauki of Payne Bay

Far left: Eskimo school caretakers at school, learning the operation and maintenance of school power and heating plants

Left: Eskimos on the course became keen curlers and showed amazing talent. An arctic bonspiel may be the result



BEAVER FEVER

BY R. BURNS

AT the risk of having my moral fibre questioned I am going to suggest that the beaver is like the grizzly bear and the cougar—at his lovable best in some inaccessible tract of rough country (where he just possibly does more good than harm by creating swamps where forests grew before and slowing run-off from watersheds). There or in a zoo.

What made the beaver everybody's friend? At a time when nothing much else of value was known to exist in Canada someone discovered that the beaver's coat could be mashed into a felt that was ideal for making hats. Simple as that. It led to trade, to trade routes, to settlement. All honour to the hat industry.

Is he industrious? It seems so. Chewing wood happens to be the beaver's outlet. It looks more impressive in the result than anything a cow can do to a field by grazing with the same diligence. Anyway, his teeth grow so fast he either wears them down all the time or gets to look even more ridiculous than he normally does.

It was in 1954 that I acquired my first beaver dam. For a solid week that fall I made the beaver look like a lounge lizard as far as industry went. With a shovel and a bucket I planted ten thousand seedling trees. On the Saturday I strolled down to the river to contemplate the current. There wasn't much current. Because a few hundred yards upstream there was my very first dam. It was forty feet from bank to bank, curved downstream in a way that would dismay any engineer, and all fresh and green with fresh-cut branches. This was interesting. But not nearly so spectacular as the bush on the far side of the river. It is possible that fifteen or twenty well-grouped rounds from a howitzer could have done as much damage as the beaver had done. Just faintly possible. Almost every tree of any size had been felled. But as they had fallen into and over each other at every possible angle not many had ever reached the ground. About three acres were flooded. All the trees in that area were due to drown even if they hadn't already been smashed. It didn't take much calculating to see that while I had been planting about a hundredweight of seedlings the beaver had destroyed about a hundred tons of timber.

This was not in accord with my purposes. A few months earlier I had bought this patch of land with the hazy idea of improving the bushlot as a hobby and of planting about 25 extra acres with young trees. At this rate I was losing ground.

Having been primed up with books and documentary films that portrayed humane Game Wardens live-trapping beaver from such locations and trucking them far, far away I knew exactly what to do. I called the

Mr Burns, born in the British Isles, found a great deal of satisfaction—for a time—in helping a speck of Southern Ontario revert to unharvested bush

Ontario Department of Lands and Forests. The official I reached was sympathetic. The only trouble was, as he explained to me, the problem of ferrying beaver had outgrown the resources available to cope with it. I saw the Department's situation clearly enough in later years. Sysiphus was trying to roll only one rock up the hill. Rolling thousands of beaver up north only to have them roll back, multiplying on the way, was a dead loss of a venture before it began. I was given the only sound advice I have ever received on the subject. It was suggested I locate a trapper locally and have him attend to the beaver.

At this point I was still willing to write off three acres of tangled branches as one of those little hazards that beset anyone who tries to encourage nature to grow anything. Like a bad year for grasshoppers, say. Having the beaver caught in a steel trap and drowned slowly didn't appeal. Too drastic. Instead I built a little hide near the dam the following weekend and settled down to study the work habits of the common beaver—over the barrel of a .303. The animals lay doggo for about four hours. I was wondering if I would become too stiff to aim at the fist-sized target which is all that the swimming beaver presents. At a hundred yards it was going to be an interesting shot.

And that was when one of the neighbours strolled over to have a chat.

"I see you've got 'em too," he said. "You know you're not supposed to shoot them."

It took me quite a time before I finally believed the facts about the way beaver are protected. With a slip of paper authorizing the act, anyone can trap beaver in the right season. An amateur trapper can catch a beaver in such a way that it will not drown at once. But put a bullet through a beaver's head and you're in deep trouble. There are penalties for dynamiting the dam (the first thought that comes to a new victim of beaver fever). Live traps may or may not work. But this is purely academic because the Law does not encourage just anyone to live-trap beaver.

As my neighbour pointed out, there are two alternatives. Let the beaver flood all the low land around. Or have the trapper take the beaver out of the river the hard way. And even this isn't such a simple alternative as it looks, because the best time to trap is after the ice has cleared in the spring. This is after the damage has been done. And by the following autumn the chances are that another family of beaver will have moved in.

It seemed to me there must be a third alternative. If, I reasoned, the rodents were harassed sufficiently they would just naturally go away to some less hostile territory. There is only one harassment that the beaver understands and that is the draining of the lake his dam created. And as you know, a beaver can plug a hole in a dam faster than you can put the stopper in a washbowl drain. The trick, then would be to punch a hole in the dam and discourage the builders from repairing it.

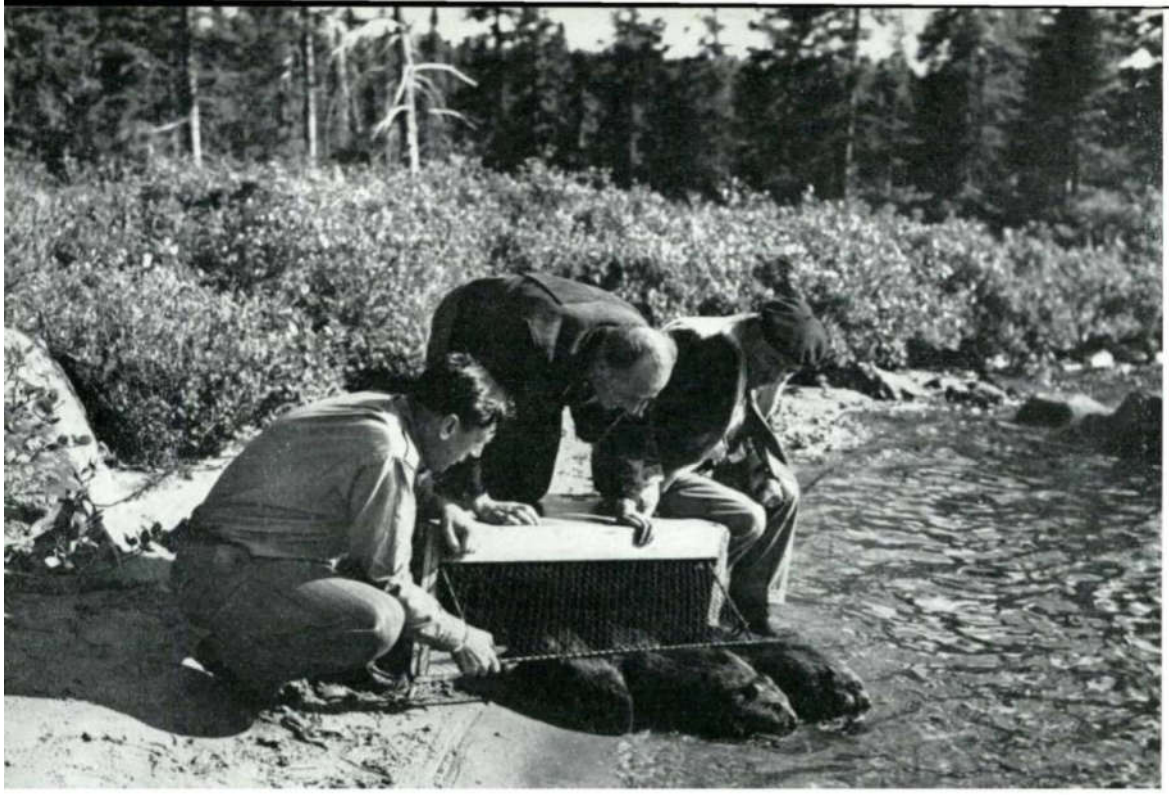
From personal experience I can record that the water above that dam in November was cool and armpit deep. Every soggy intertwined branch in the whole mess was waterlogged and had to be hurled or carried out of the river. It was an hour before a sufficiently good flow of water was going through the break to flush out the tons of silt, clamshells and waterweed the rodents had used to seal the structure. With a satisfying roar the water poured through the hole. In a day or two the lake would be gone.

The beaver is easily scared, they say. So to keep off the repair gang I strung a line of aluminum pie plates the full width of the river. The plates clanked merrily in the breeze and reflected the sun like heliographs. A week went by. The lake drained. No repairs were made. I rejoiced and wondered whether the beaver had gone upstream or down to set up housekeeping.

The following week they had incorporated the pie plates into the dam.

Except that the water was colder the second dam-busting was the same. This time I strung the plates just above the river bed, having decided that they had pushed a big branch downstream to break the string last time. And to lessen the charm of the site I poured creosote along the banks. In this business you are purely on your own. There are no textbooks on how to induce

Ferrying unwanted beaver is a problem which may involve men, aircraft, time, and money
Quebec Dept. of Game & Fisheries



Far, far away from their unwilling host, live-trapped beaver are released to start a fresh life
Quebec Dept. of Game & Fisheries

beaver to go away and pending a definition of the law on creosoting river banks none of my acquaintances was willing to venture an opinion on probable efficacy or legality.

A week later it appeared that the beaver rather enjoys a touch of creosote fumes in the air. The lake was well up. I located the trapper.

When the ice went out in the spring, so did the beaver. Or at least, their pelts did. And the next fall there was a new crew working the same old pitch.

This time I decided to fool them. Nothing in the Act says anything about yanking deadheads out of waterways. So when I found a row of poles driven into the river bed and anchored with mud I simply winched them out. The following week I did the same thing. And again the next week.

It worked. The beaver decided they had chosen the wrong site. They moved—a hundred yards upstream. In some ways we won the battle that year. Trapping can start in November. And in November two beaver were hauled dead from the water and the others went sadly away. Too late to prevent quite a bit of damage, but something.

By now I knew more about the beaver than most of its friends but still not enough to know how to get it into their skulls that this particular stretch of river lacked the amenity of quiet possession.

It was in the following year that we hit smack into another clause of the Act. My wife and I had moved a 140-year-old log cabin to the site and it seemed that a beaver pelt nailed to the wall would at once be symbolic of the vendetta and lend authenticity to the old place. The trapper promised to save the next prime pelt that came out of our section of river. When it came it was a beauty. Obviously it should be tanned because fresh from the stretching board it looked like a Zulu shield. In the taxidermists shop a man took my instructions, complimented me on the quality of the pelt and asked for my tanning permit.

It seemed that not only did I have to have a permit to have the pelt tanned but I had already transgressed against the law by buying the skin without first obtaining a Buyer's Permit.

The government man was understanding. He explained the Regulations, waived my error and issued the permit. But it took me a long time to reconcile myself to this new proof that an overgrown rat is the pampered pet of the Statute books.

The seven years war ended abruptly when we moved to the west coast just as the 1960 campaign was due to open. This move was not some sort of a desperate move to break off the engagement. There were other reasons. But the beaver had it all their own way for a year. A few weeks ago I was in Toronto. There was just time to run up and see how the plantations were coming. There are two dams there this year. My neighbour has been kept busy trying to salvage what's left of his bushlot. The country seems to have more beaver than a dog has fleas.

If anyone can suggest a nice legal way to warn beaver off-course (without doing the obvious thing and felling the entire bush myself) I would appreciate it. In return I will send details on some of the other dodges I tried out. They didn't work either. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE FUR TRADE
by Paul Chrisler Phillips
University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1961. Two Vols, 654 and 576 pages. Illus. $18.95.

Reviewed by E. E. Rich

THE review of a posthumous work, representing a lifetime of scholarship, must of necessity be an invidious task; and Professor Phillips's great volumes are no exception. In preparing his papers for the press Alice M. Phillips and J. W. Smurr have laid historians under a debt of gratitude and have perpetuated Phillips's name; but it is more than likely that they have in fact done him an injustice.

This great work gives convincing evidence of a lifetime spent in collecting and assimilating material on the history of the fur trade in all its aspects. The canvas is the whole of the fur trade in North America, both Canadian and that of the United States, and this is welcome in a subject which suffers greatly from regional specialization. Historians must be exceedingly grateful for the wide and detailed information here arranged, annotated and competently indexed. There are few aspects of the fur trade on which these volumes could not be consulted as a work of reference.

But full of information, and wide in range, as these volumes are, they cannot be accepted as they stand. There are defects in detail, in outlook and in presentation, and of these it is highly likely that if Professor Phillips had himself seen his work through the press he would have eliminated the faults of detail and of presentation. He might well have realized also that the work suffered in presentation and did not carry conviction of the validity of his main theme.

The defects in detail are numerous enough to constitute a serious blemish but, in the circumstances of publication, should not be taken too seriously; yet in sum they detract considerably from the value of the work. They vary from confusion between Bienville and Blainville, between de Troyes and de Thoyes, bebetween Perrault and La Pérouse, to splitting Archibald Norman McLeod into two distinct men, Archibald and Normand, the description of John Churchill as Governor of Prince Rupert's land, confusion of Emery de Caen, captain of a small pinnace, with William de Caen, General of the French Fleet and the greatest merchant of France, and the statement that Prince Rupert lost his kingdom during the Thirty Years' War.

Many such minor defects have to do with the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Phillips treats Lord Selkirk as "the most powerful officer of the Hudson's Bay Company"—a description which is both inaccurate and misleading—he alleges that Selkirk sent Simpson into Athabasca, and follows this with the statement that he there met Samuel Black "in charge of the North West Company trade." More important, especially in view of the major theme of the book, is the statement that at the time when Alexander Mackenzie was trying to implement his schemes "the managers of the Hudson's Bay Company in England were men of tremendous influence in British trade policy." Hazarding a guess, acknowledging it as such, that the Company "probably dictated the terms of the treaty, which included the acquisition of Canada," Phillips writes of markets in England which could not be invaded by the Canadians at the very time, during the Napoleonic Wars, when the Company was quite unable to sell its furs.

In his own preface Professor Phillips explains that he was not allowed access to the Hudson's Bay Company's archives since the formation of a Record Society was then under discussion. This must place his application at about 1936-1938, and he would surely have been permitted access had he applied later. Who shall blame him if he felt this was harsh treatment? But he has made the Company *more* important as an instrument of policy than it was, not *less*, and the defects in his treatment of the Company do not really arise from lack of access to the documents but from lack of attention to published works. This, indeed, is not peculiar to his treatment of this Company. With so broad a scope he might well have relied more on the work of others, less on his own approach to documents.

A remarkable feature of his work is the extent to which it is based on original sources; but remarkable as his knowledge of source materials is, the fact is that Professor Phillips writes of Louisiana without reference to the work of Marcel Giraud, of French mercantilism without reference to Wolsey Cole, of Lewis and Clark without de Voto, Selkirk without Chester Martin, and of the Hudson's Bay Company without the MacKays' *Honourable Company*, the publications of the Record Society or (probably because it came too late) John Galbraith's *Hudson's Bay Company as an Imperial Factor*. It is little to the point that such works figure in the bibliography; they had no effect on the writing.

The result is, for example, that much that has been written on the trade in spirits is overlooked and the partisan statements of American traders get undue weight, that he is much less than fair to John McLoughlin in his treatment of Nathaniel Wyeth and the American immigrants—and though he counters this with two mis-statements about Wyeth, making him the founder of the Colonisation Society, and in trade-agreement with William Sublette instead of his brother Milton, this does not redress the balance. That the Company's history has been seriously misunderstood despite the work devoted to the subject can be gathered when Richard Glover's analysis of the dour virtues of the Orkneyman is overlooked, and when Peter Fidler, whose "mean and spaniel-like behaviour" appalled his contemporaries, is described as "the boldest of the Hudson's Bay traders."

The climax, and the explanation, come when the book deals with the "triumph of American monopoly" in the Rockies, by 1837 (II, p. 466). Admittedly the triumph is accepted as short-lived. But the statement in itself involves overlooking the great work of Simpson, his Council and his Chief Factors (including McLoughlin) and the dramatic and colourful failures of the Mountain Men. Both these vital aspects of the story are virtually ignored. For the theme of this book is that the fur trade was a matter of international policy and dispute, "a subject of high political and economic importance to many nations," to quote the preface.

Now the truth which emerges from a long study of the fur trade is that there have indeed been occasions on which fur

traders have shaped policy, and have got their own way. But in general they have been concerned with territories which had little value, have been difficult to control or advise, and poor contributors to revenue. Governments moreover have seldom (probably never) understood the realities of the trade, especially as it impinged on international markets; and over the years governments have hesitatingly followed where fur traders led and have seldom (almost never) set forth the fur trade as an object of major policy. There are two notable occasions on which governments have been willing to take some initiative in this trade. One was the irresponsible gesture of Charles II and his advisers in granting the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company; this was followed by governmental neglect and suspicion to the end of the Company's tenure of Rupert's Land. The other such occasion was the co-operation of Jefferson, Monroe and Gallatin with John Jacob Astor; and on this Professor Phillips has dwelt. Hence the disproportion of the chapters dealing with the nineteenth century, for this was a period dominated from the American side by the Mountain Men and from the Canadian side by a Hudson's Bay Company clearly at odds with government.

To hope that, given Phillips's own personal care at the last stages, this lack of proportion and weakness of theme would have been appreciated and remedied, is no injustice to a man who has given evidence of great knowledge and insight.

Apart from the value of the book as a compendium of information, the reader will find that the chapters on the fur trade in the early American colonies, on the trade in Carolina and Georgia, and in Louisiana during the French and Spanish periods, are particularly valuable and interesting; and although in his concluding three chapters Professor Smurr does nothing to complete the book and "bring it home" he there shows the possibilities of a quite different technique, writes almost entirely from knowledge of recent published works, and gives a valuable factual account of the Santa Fé trade.

Professor Rich is Master of St Catharine's College, Cambridge and Vere Harmsworth Professor of Imperial and Naval History. His latest publication was the comprehensive "History of the Hudson's Bay Company 1670-1870" which appeared in 1960.

BLACKFEET AND BUFFALO

by James Willard Schultz. Edited and with an Introduction by Keith C. Seele

University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma; Burns & MacEachern, Toronto. 1962. 384 pages, illus. $7.50

Reviewed by John C. Ewers

JAMES Willard Schultz, the most prolific writer on the Blackfoot Indians, died in 1947. At the time of his death he was compiling this, his thirty-eighth book. It consists primarily of stories which he published during his lifetime in popular magazines and newspapers.

For a quarter of a century prior to 1903 the author lived among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana, first as a trader, and later as a licensed guide to sportsmen in the magnificent mountain area which later became Glacier National Park. Indeed many of the names of prominent geographic features in the Glacier Park region are ones which Schultz and his naturalist-friend, George Bird Grinnell, gave to them before the year 1900. Among the prominent sportsmen whom Schultz guided on hunting expeditions in the Rockies were the Baring brothers of England and Ralph Pulitzer. In the first group of eleven stories the author tells of his experiences as a trader, hunter, and guide in the Blackfoot country more than six decades ago.

The other thirteen stories in this book are the author's renditions of tales told to him by Blackfoot Indian friends and early traders among these Indians (Hugh Monroe, and Joseph Kipp). Schultz had a remarkable opportunity to obtain close rapport with the Blackfeet. He married a Piegan woman, Fine Shield Woman, and he learned to speak the Blackfoot language. He lived among these Indians at a time when the buffalo still roamed the plains and intertribal horse raiding was still a favourite activity of many young men. It is noteworthy that only one of the Indians whose tales are recorded in this book is still living—at the advanced age of about 95 years.

Although the Indians' tales cover hunting escapades, and religious beliefs, accounts of actions in Blackfoot warfare with neighbouring tribes predominate. Of particular interest are Big Brave's account of the great Blackfoot victory over the Gros Ventres and River Crows in 1866, and Bear Head's Indian version of the controversial Baker Massacre of Piegan on the Marias River in 1870—the only battle fought between United States troops and the Blackfeet in the days of the Indian Wars on the Great Plains.

James Willard Schultz was a master of story telling in the Indian manner. His stories are always swiftly paced, and interspersed with dramatic dialogue. Schultz' subject matter and his style had a popular appeal to action-loving boys. Many of these articles, and most of his other books were written for boys.

Because a great many of Schultz' Indian characters were real Indians, referred to by their own names, and because he frequently described or referred to actual events, many readers have tended to look upon his writings as history. However, Keith Seele, in his introduction to this book, takes pains to point out: "He was a storyteller, but he never set himself up to be a historian or scientist. It is of the utmost importance that the historian and searcher after facts neatly verified not look to him for definitive historical truth."

Mr Ewers, assistant director of the Museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian Institution, is a recognized authority on the Blackfeet and has written numerous books and papers on these Indians.

INDIAN ROCK PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT LAKES

by Selwyn Dewdney and Kenneth E. Kidd

University of Toronto Press, 1962. 127 pages. Illus. $4.75

Reviewed by J. V. Wright

THIS handsomely produced book represents a commendable statement on the distribution, form, and content of the pictographs of the Canadian Shield in the Province of Ontario. In four years of intensive survey, Mr Dewdney recorded over 1,000 pictographs from 102 sites located, for the most part, between Lake Superior and the Manitoba border. The description of the finding and recording of these sites is not only informative to the scholar but is also permeated with

the excitement which was obviously felt by the field men. It is this subtle combination of scholarly research and personal enthusiasm set against a backdrop of rock and water which represents one of the major achievements of the authors.

Both the layman and the scholar can enjoy the rare luxury of deriving equal satisfaction from this book. The nature of the material being studied appears to be largely responsible for the bridging of the gap between scientific information and entertainment. Mystery, scientific and romantic, surrounds these works of long dead, anonymous artists. The foreboding ruggedness of the pictograph gallery and its association with the little known religious and mythological beliefs of the aborigines tends to stimulate extensive speculation. The authors, however, have maintained a commendable degree of conservatism in their interpretations. Available ethnological data on the northern Algonkians such as the secret Grand Medicine Society or Midaywinwin (Midewiwin) of the Ojibwa and religious-mythological concepts are examined in order to interpret some of the pictographs.

Over half of the drawings consist of abstract symbols while the remainder represent human figures, hand impressions, man-made objects such as canoes and lodges, and natural and mythological animals. Among the mythological animals and human figures Maymaygwayshi the rock medicine men, Mishipizhiw the Great Lynx, and Nanabozho or Weyzuhkaychahk the legendary hero of the Ojibwa, appear to be represented. Largely executed originally in a red ochre pigment applied with the finger the pictographs are reproduced in colour and black and white plates and numerous red tone drawings. Indeed, it is difficult to turn a page without being aware of the untranslated tales inserted in the text or margin of the page in the form of red tone duplications of the pictographs. Although not always effectively integrated with the text the abundant and artistic use of illustrations achieves a mute form of communication which is almost independent of the written word. This reviewer welcomes the book as an effective contribution to a little-known field.

Mr Wright is an archaeologist in the Human History Branch of the National Museum of Canada specializing in the northwest Woodland area.

A NATURALIST IN ALASKA

by Adolph Murie

Devin-Adair Company, New York, 1961. 302 pp., illus.

Reviewed by William O. Pruitt, Jr

THE previous books in the American Naturalists series have presented selected writings of biologists of earlier times about animals and landscapes now gone forever. The present volume consists of essays by one of the master naturalists of our own times. The author is a Field Research Biologist for the U. S. National Park Service. To biologists everywhere the name of Adolph Murie is synonymous with Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska, but the taiga and tundra and most of the species of mammals and birds that he loves and understands so well also occur all across northern North America from Alaska to Newfoundland. Dr Murie first came to Alaska in 1922 and since then has travelled on foot and by dog team, in summer and winter, not only all over Mount McKinley National Park but along the Tanana and Yukon rivers and into the Brooks Range.

Dr Murie recounts observations of lynx and snowshoe hares, grizzlies and ground squirrels, moose, wolverines, foxes and voles, wolves, white sheep and caribou. In addition to being fascinating reading, these essays contain a wealth of biological information. The chapters on grizzlies, wolves, and on the Alaska vole (*Microtus miurus*) are especially rewarding.

Dr Murie is at his best, for example, in his detailed descriptions of the "haying" and root-storing activities of the Alaska vole. Also reprinted in this book are sections from his classic *The Wolves of Mount McKinley*, long out of print.

Throughout Dr Murie's writings there runs a strong stream of awareness of the land ethic. Few writers can cause the reader to become so aware of the intricate interdependence of climate, topography, plants and animals (including man) as Dr Murie can, and so unobtrusively. I think one of the best sections on the appreciation of nature is a short paragraph telling about an incident when Dr Murie was keeping all-night observation vigils near a wolf den. ". . . My daughter Gail, then four years old, was fascinated by my reports and begged to spend a night on the ridge. One evening I packed her and the sleeping bags across the many shallow channels of the river, and we settled down to watch from the observation point. She had trouble with the binoculars and, for the most part, listened to my account of what was happening. But, after all, was not the adventure she had visualized chiefly to be out under the open sky, to sleep out near the wolves on the high ridge among the arctic flowers in the northern all-night twilight?" (p. 206-207).

The attractiveness of the book is enhanced by the illustrations. Olaus Murie (the author's brother) contributed a number of pen-and-ink sketches, especially of grizzlies. Some of them are especially valuable because they illustrate conformation and relative size of cubs, yearlings and two-year-old bears in relation to an adult bear. The sixteen pages of photographs are exceptionally well chosen. Charles J. Ott has contributed several of his excellent photographs, including the famous one of migrating caribou. One of Dr Murie's own photographs, of a white

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sheep ram on a ledge overlooking a rugged mountain, deserves special mention.

All in all, a thoroughly enjoyable book. Dr Murie will soon retire from the National Park Service and I hope he devotes a considerable amount of his time to "writing up" in this form many more of his natural history observations.

Dr Pruitt, a biologist, is a specialist in the ecology of northern mammals.

BARKERVILLE, A GUIDE TO THE FABULOUS CARIBOO GOLD CAMP

by Bruce Ramsey

Mitchell Press, Vancouver, B.C.
92 pages, illus. $1.50

Reviewed by Madge Wolfenden

THIS attractive-looking booklet of 92 pages, with its coloured illustration of St. Saviour's Church on the cover, and its wealth of good black and white photographs throughout the text, is a good sample of modern bookmaking. It is moderately priced, and will, no doubt, be bought by hundreds of British Columbians and tourists during this coming summer season, Barkerville's own centenary.

Mr Ramsey calls it a "Guide"; on the one hand it is more than a guidebook, for it delves into a great deal of the history of Barkerville and the companion towns of Camerontown, Richfield, Stanley, and others in a very readable form. On the other hand, no specific directions are given as to how to get to this "Fabulous Gold Camp" which is what is to be expected in a guidebook.

True, there is a small road map inside the front cover, marking exactly six British Columbia places, and outlining highways number 1 and number 3, but this reviewer could find no mention of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, nor of an air route to the area. With the popularity of bus travel, naturally the query "Are there buses to Barkerville?" presents itself. Information as to how much or what type of accommodation tourists might expect to find, either at Barkerville itself, or at Quesnel, is completely wanting. The date of publication has been omitted, either by accident, or perhaps by design.

The book begins dramatically with a sentence which reads: "The Gold excitement began at lunchtime on March 23rd 1858, and it hasn't really stopped since." This precise date is the one given by James Moore as the day on which he and his associates first discovered gold on Hill's Bar, which fact is probably not generally known except to students of British Columbia history. Some explanation should have been given, and a mention made of Moore, especially as the author attaches such importance to the incident, the starting point of his story.

Bruce Ramsey's book is chiefly about Barkerville. But the time lag between the discovery of Hill's Bar on the Fraser river below Fort Yale, and the richer discoveries in Cariboo of 1860 and 1861, culminating in the spectacular find of 1862 by William Barker on Williams Creek, is left unexplained and unaccounted for.

Mr Ramsey devotes a lot of space to *Sauney's Letters and Cariboo Rhymes*, quoting copiously in order to reproduce the atmosphere of Barkerville in the 1860s and 1870s. Seventeen pages are given up to the Cemetery, and short biographies of numerous relatively little-known personages, whilst nothing is told of the original Cariboo road, the wayside "houses," nor early transportation methods and stagecoach adventures.

The story of the Barkerville newspaper *The Cariboo Sentinel* is an absorbing one and deserves somewhat fuller treatment than Mr Ramsey gives to it. Its founder, proprietor and first editor was George Wallace, and it commenced publication at Barkerville in June 1865, not 1895 as stated by the author. The hand-press on which it was printed was first brought to Victoria by Bishop Demers about 1856 (not 1843); it was later carried to Cariboo by pack-train. Like most newspapers *The Cariboo Sentinel* changed owners and editors quite often.

No acknowledgements are made, nor credits given by the author regarding the illustrations used throughout *Barkerville; a Guide*, but upwards of twenty are readily recognizable as having been published in *Wagon Road North* and in *Quesnel; Commercial Centre of the Cariboo Gold Rush*. Incidentally no less than four of these have been reversed in printing.

The reproduction on the inside back cover of the front page of the *Sentinel*, namely that of 17 October 1867, is poorly printed and scarcely legible. How much more interesting to have made use of Vol. 1, No. 1, June 6, 1865, and to have made sure that the original newspaper was sharp enough, and clear enough to make an effective cut.

Mr Ramsey's chapters on Chinatown and the Bowron House add new interest to the well-known story of Barkerville, and his photographs of other features of the restoration being carried on serve as a good advertisement, and should draw visitors to the Gold Camp of 100 years ago.

The eye of this reviewer was caught by the spelling of the former settlement of *Camerontown* which has been changed to *Cameronton*. Mr Ramsay makes no comment, nor does he explain the reason for the change. In fact on page 13, in a lengthy quotation, he deliberately alters the spelling from that in the contemporary source. The fact is that according to the original townsite plan and field notes made by the Royal Engineers in the year 1863, the name was designated *Cameronton*; but as so often happens, local usage overruled official authority, and *Camerontown* it has always been. Recent research in connection with the restoration of the area by the provincial government, in order that accuracy of fact and correct spelling of place-names should be incorporated on the markers, brought this not-generally-known item to light.

John Bowron was not the first librarian at Williams Creek when the first library was opened on 7 June 1864. This honour belongs to Miss Florence Wilson, incidentally the first woman to engage in library work in what is now British Columbia. Bowron succeeded Florence Wilson the following year.

Numerous typographical errors and inaccuracies occur throughout *Barkerville; a Guide*, possibly the result of carelessness or lack of proof-reading, which is much to be regretted, for Mr Ramsey has taken pains to gather good data, some hitherto not very well known, in regard to his subject. It would appear that he has tried to tell too much, and that he has yet to learn James Russell Lowell's aphorism that "knowing what to leave in the inkpot is the wisdom of writing."

Miss Wolfenden, former British Columbia assistant archivist, has written numerous articles on B.C. history.

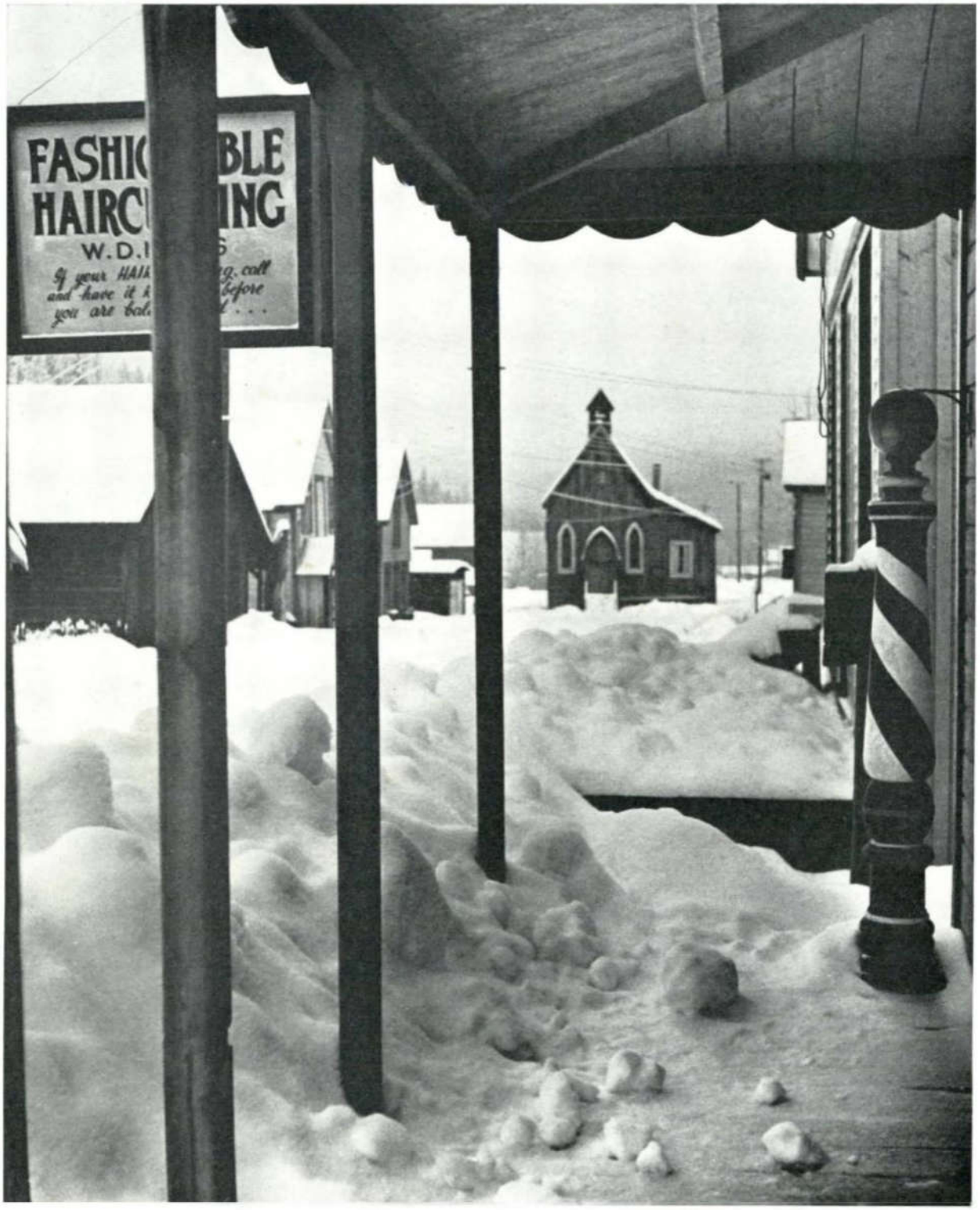

Photo by H. D. von Tiesenhausen

Appealing vainly to long-vanished miners, the sign outside the barber shop reads: "Fashionable haircutting—W. D. Moses—If your HAIR is falling, call and have it RESTORED before you are bald-headed. . . ." This is Barkerville, now declared a historical park; a quiet place in the winter but this summer celebrating the centenary of Billy Barker's rich gold strike that brought a rush of prospectors to the Cariboo region of British Columbia. In the background is 92-year-old St. Saviour's, not the first but the only remaining church now at Barkerville.

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